MARVEL MYSTERY COMICS

FEBRUARY

NO.
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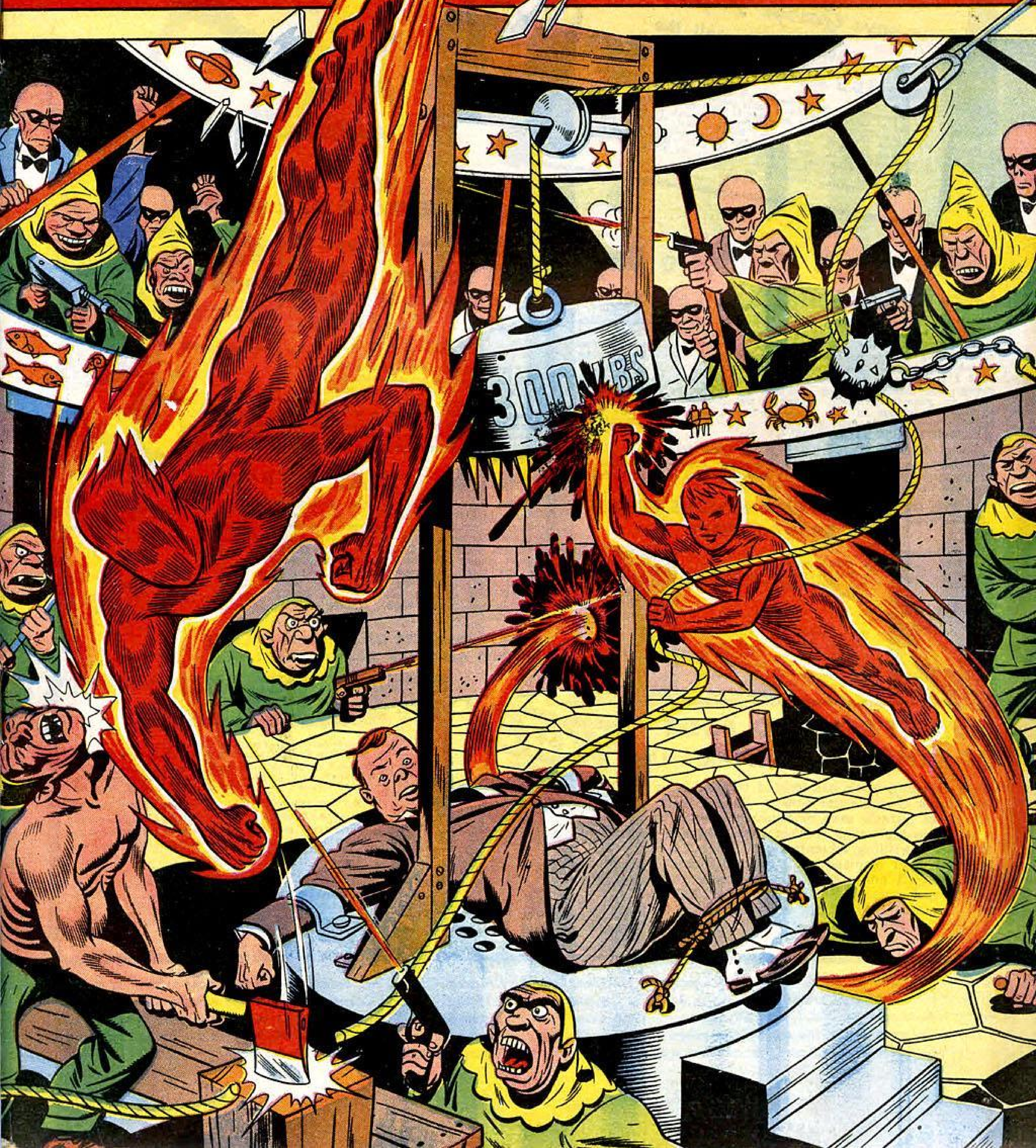
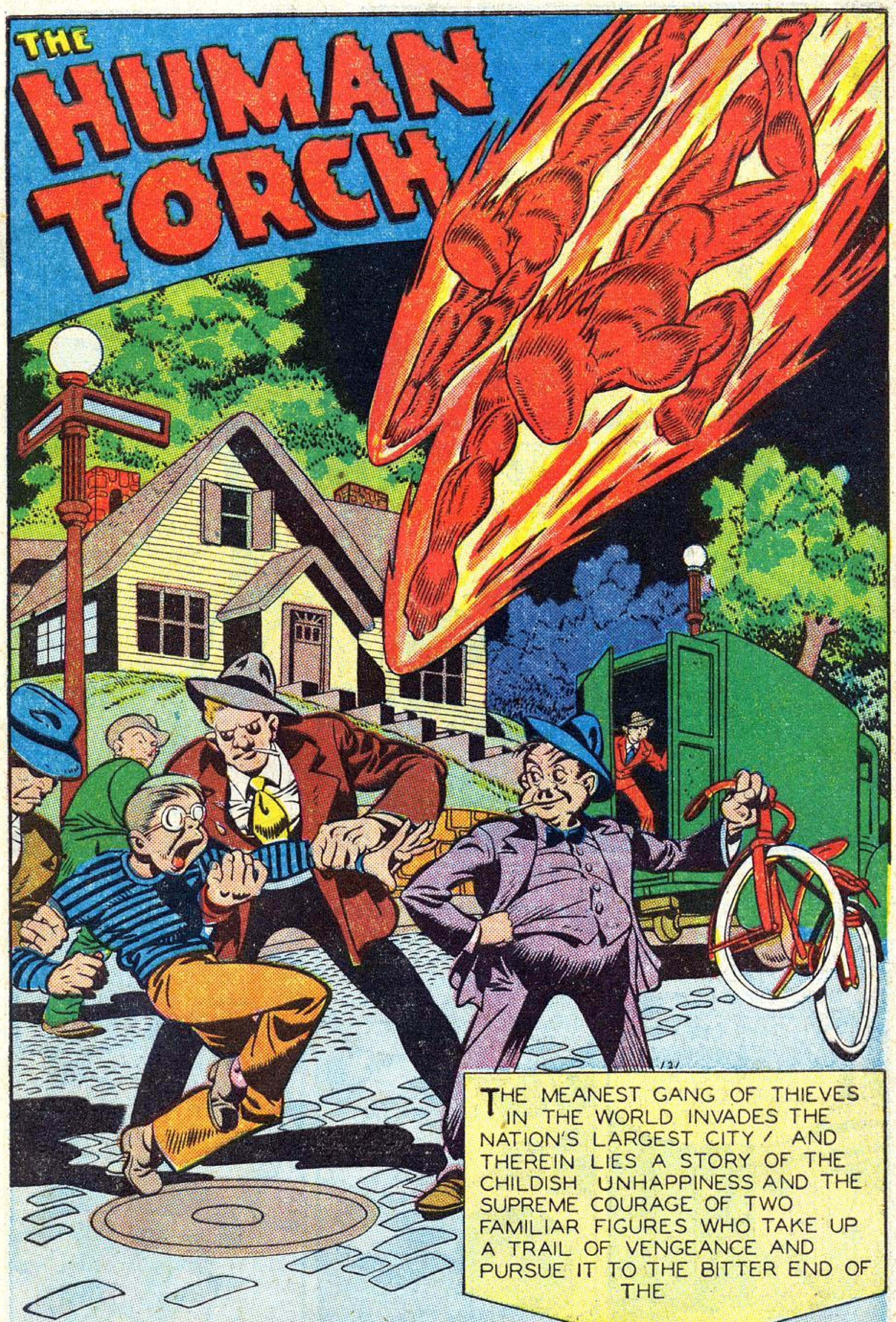
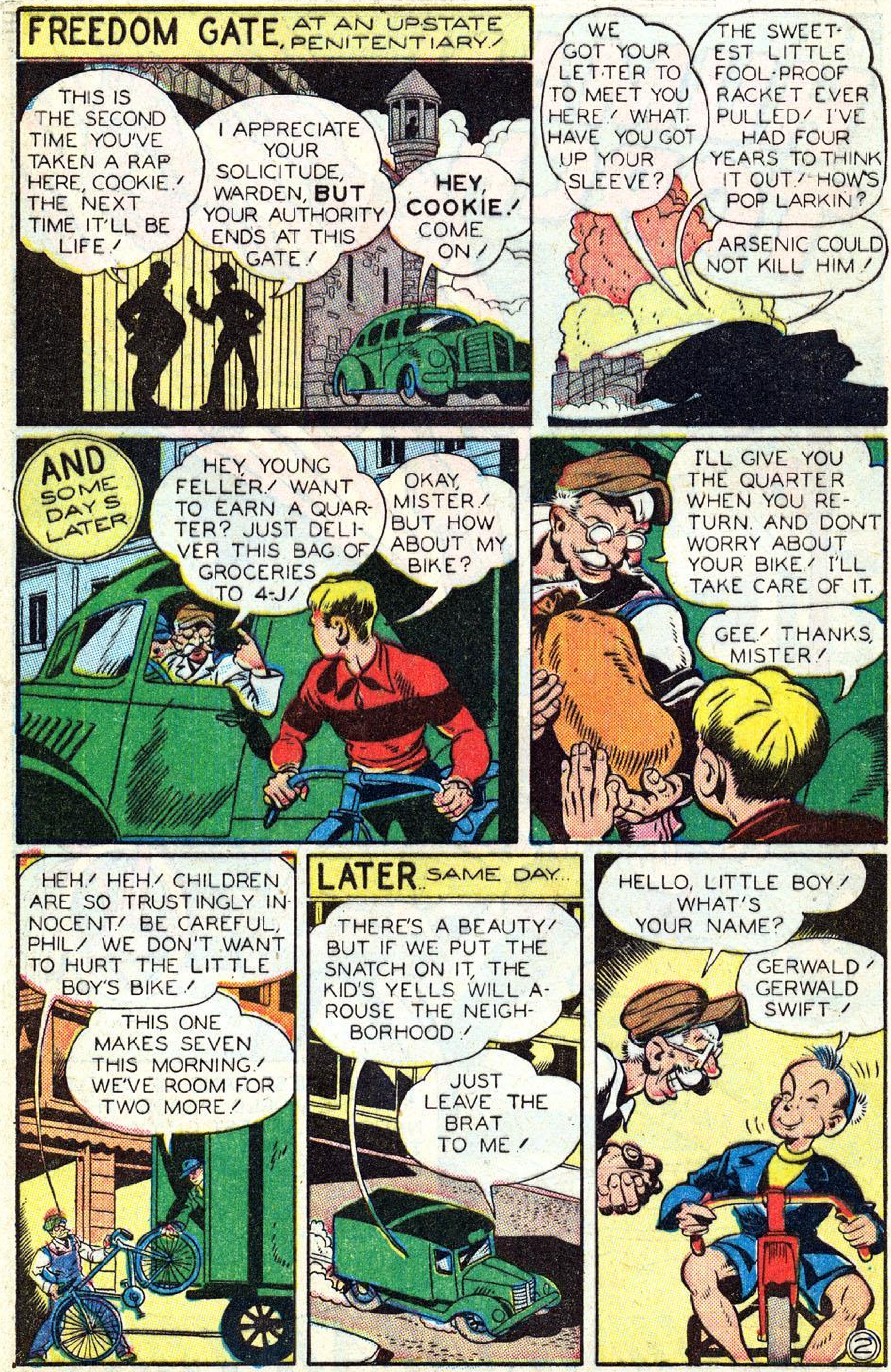



THE HUMAN TORCH
THE MEANEST GANG OF THIEVES IN THE WORLD INVADES THE NATION'S LARGEST CITY / AND THEREIN LIES A STORY OF THE CHILDISH UNHAPPINESS AND THE SUPREME COURAGE OF TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES WHO TAKE UP A TRAIL OF VENGEANCE AND PURSUE IT TO THE BITTER END OF THE

LAUGHING SNEAK THIEF


FREEDOM GATE, AT AN UPSTATE PENITENTIARY!
THIS IS THE SECOND TIME YOU'VE TAKEN A RAP HERE, COOKIE! THE NEXT TIME IT'LL BE LIFE!
I APPRECIATE YOUR SOLICITUDE, WARDEN, BUT YOUR AUTHORITY ENDS AT THIS GATE!
HEY, COOKIE! COME ON!
WE GOT YOUR LETTER TO TO MEET YOU HERE! WHAT HAVE YOU GOT UP YOUR SLEEVE?
THE SWEETEST LITTLE FOOL-PROOF RACKET EVER PULLED! I'VE HAD FOUR YEARS TO THINK IT OUT! HOW'S POP LARKIN?
ARSENIC COULD NOT KILL HIM!
AND SOME DAYS LATER
HEY, YOUNG FELLER! WANT TO EARN A QUARTER? JUST DELIVER THIS BAG OF GROCERIES TO 4-J!
OKAY, MISTER! BUT HOW ABOUT MY BIKE?
I'LL GIVE YOU THE QUARTER WHEN YOU RETURN. AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT YOUR BIKE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF IT.
GEE! THANKS, MISTER!
HEH! HEH! CHILDREN ARE SO TRUSTINGLY INNOCENT! BE CAREFUL, PHIL! WE DON'T WANT TO HURT THE LITTLE BOY'S BIKE!
THIS ONE MAKES SEVEN THIS MORNING! WE'VE ROOM FOR TWO MORE!
LATER.. SAME DAY..
THERE'S A BEAUTY! BUT IF WE PUT THE SNATCH ON IT, THE KID'S YELLS WILL AROUSE THE NEIGHBORHOOD!
JUST LEAVE THE BRAT TO ME!
HELLO, LITTLE BOY! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
GERWALD! GERWALD SWIFT!
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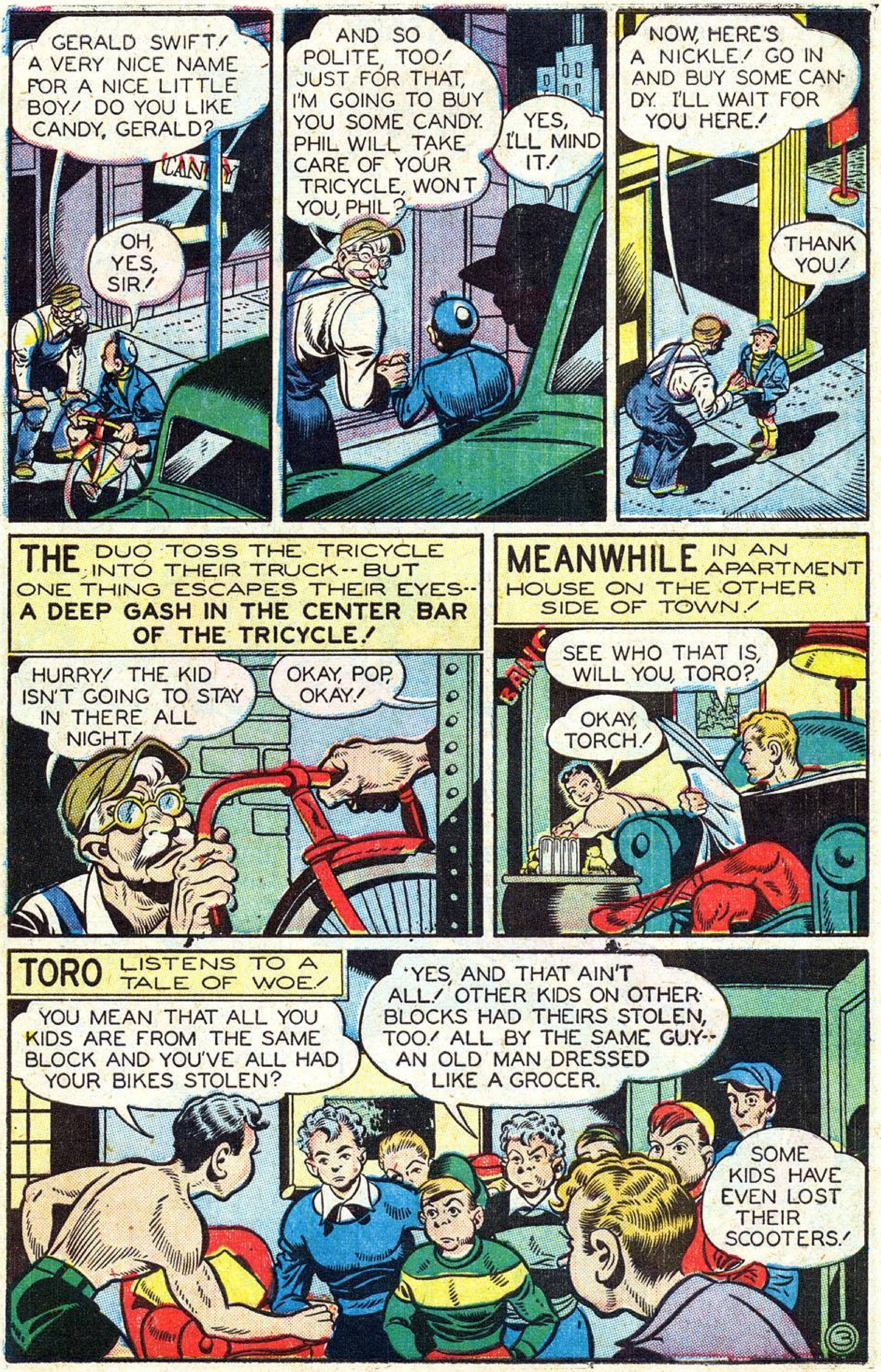
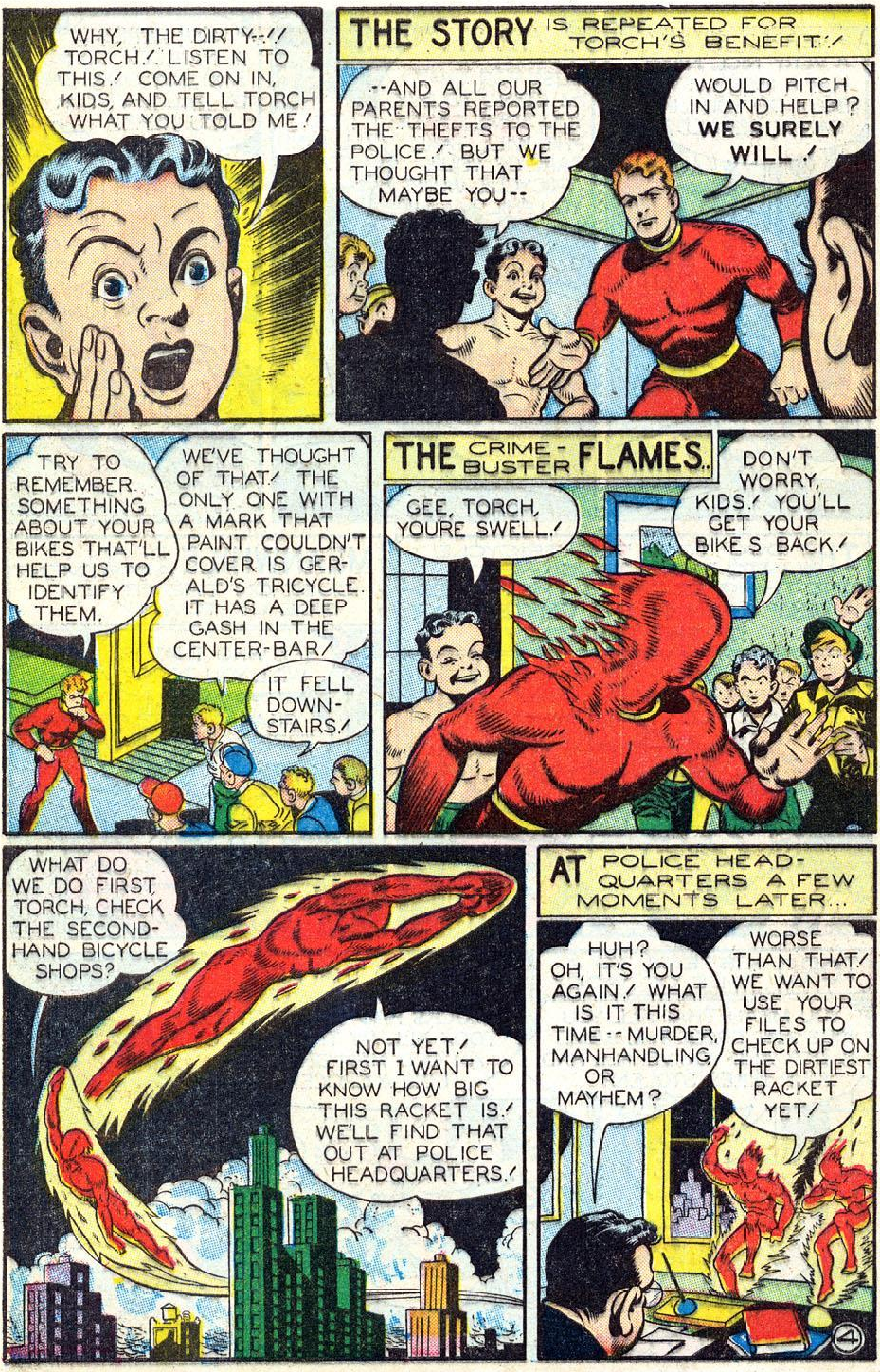
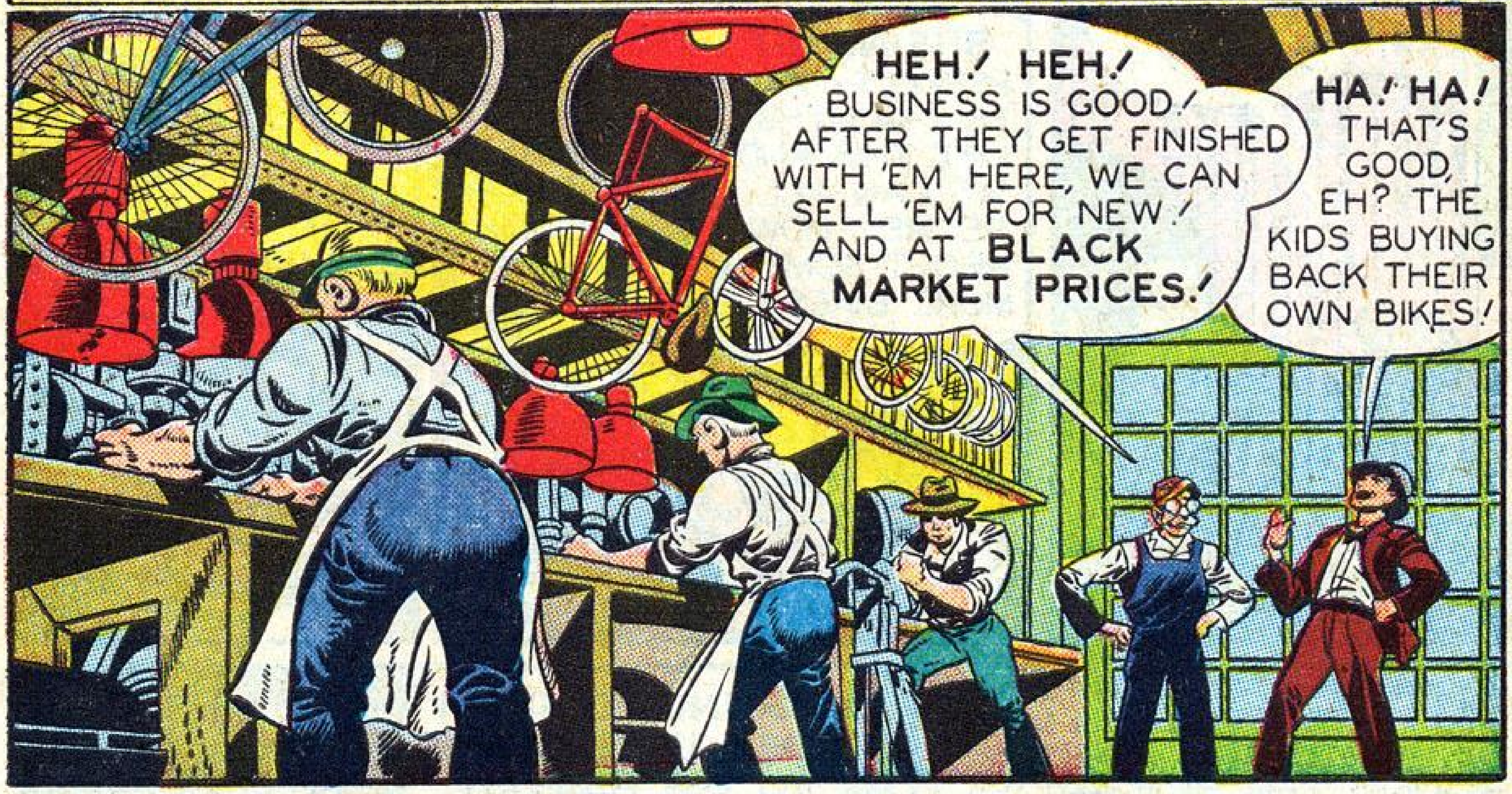
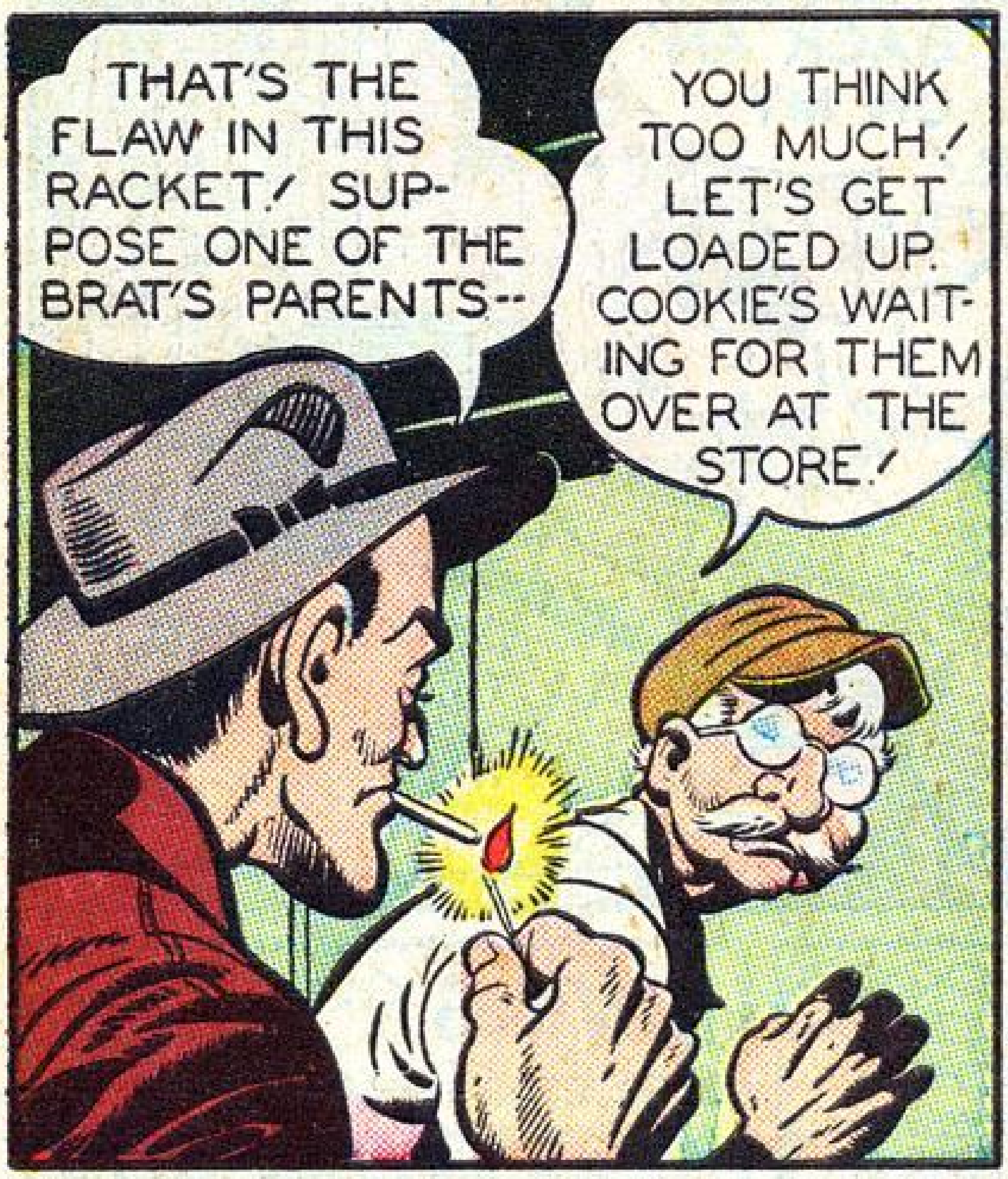

GERALD SWIFT! A VERY NICE NAME FOR A NICE LITTLE BOY! DO YOU LIKE CANDY, GERALD?
CANDY
OH, YES, SIR!
AND SO POLITE, TOO! JUST FOR THAT, I'M GOING TO BUY YOU SOME CANDY. PHIL WILL TAKE CARE OF YOUR TRICYCLE, WONT YOU, PHIL?
YES, I'LL MIND IT!
NOW, HERE'S A NICKLE! GO IN AND BUY SOME CANDY. I'LL WAIT FOR YOU HERE!
THANK YOU!
THE DUO TOSS THE TRICYCLE INTO THEIR TRUCK--BUT ONE THING ESCAPES THEIR EYES-- A DEEP GASH IN THE CENTER BAR OF THE TRICYCLE!
HURRY! THE KID ISN'T GOING TO STAY IN THERE ALL NIGHT!
OKAY, POP, OKAY!
MEANWHILE IN AN APARTMENT HOUSE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN!
BANG
SEE WHO THAT IS, WILL YOU, TORO?
OKAY, TORCH!
TORO LISTENS TO A TALE OF WOE!
YOU MEAN THAT ALL YOU KIDS ARE FROM THE SAME BLOCK AND YOU'VE ALL HAD YOUR BIKES STOLEN?
YES, AND THAT AIN'T ALL! OTHER KIDS ON OTHER BLOCKS HAD THEIRS STOLEN, TOO! ALL BY THE SAME GUY-- AN OLD MAN DRESSED LIKE A GROCER.
SOME KIDS HAVE EVEN LOST THEIR SCOOTERS!

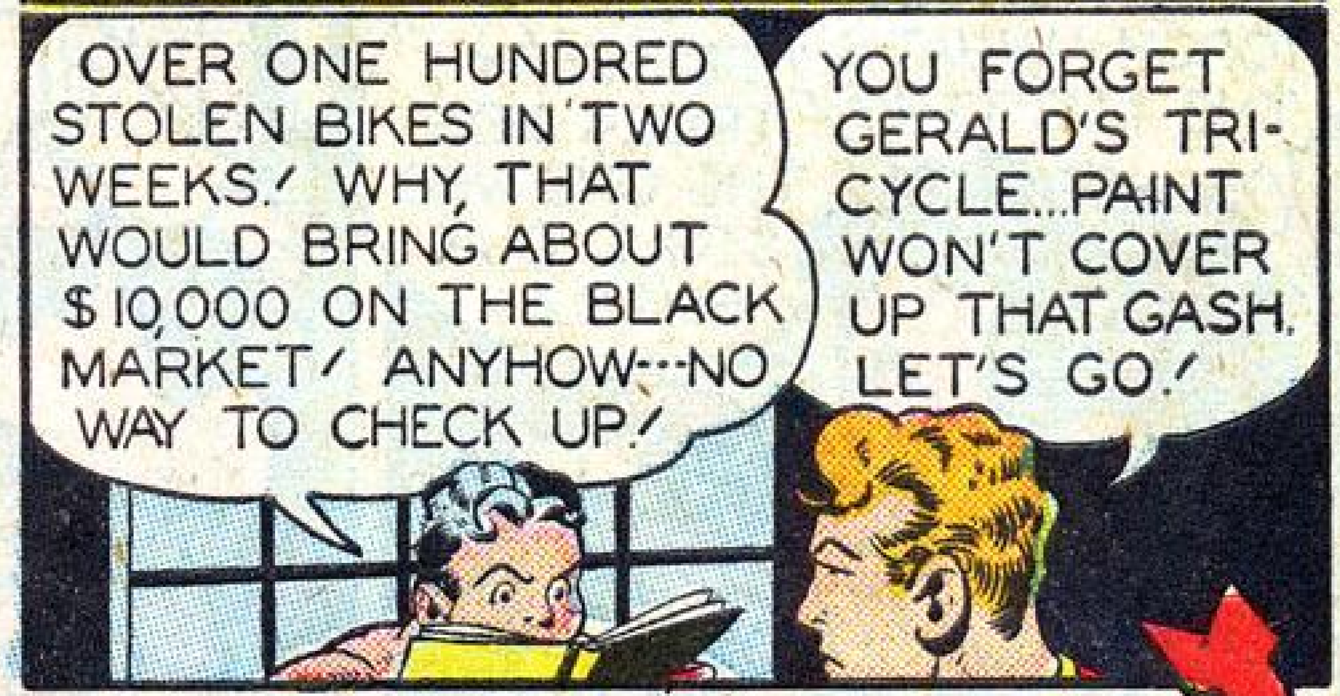

WHY, THE DIRTY--!! TORCH! LISTEN TO THIS! COME ON IN, KIDS, AND TELL TORCH WHAT YOU TOLD ME!
THE STORY IS REPEATED FOR TORCH'S BENEFIT!
--AND ALL OUR PARENTS REPORTED THE THEFTS TO THE POLICE! BUT WE THOUGHT THAT MAYBE YOU--
WOULD PITCH IN AND HELP? WE SURELY WILL!
TRY TO REMEMBER SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR BIKES THAT'LL HELP US TO IDENTIFY THEM.
WE'VE THOUGHT OF THAT! THE ONLY ONE WITH A MARK THAT PAINT COULDN'T COVER IS GERALD'S TRICYCLE. IT HAS A DEEP GASH IN THE CENTER-BAR!
IT FELL DOWNSTAIRS!
THE CRIME-BUSTER FLAMES..
GEE, TORCH, YOU'RE SWELL!
DON'T WORRY, KIDS! YOU'LL GET YOUR BIKES BACK!
WHAT DO WE DO FIRST, TORCH, CHECK THE SECOND-HAND BICYCLE SHOPS?
NOT YET! FIRST I WANT TO KNOW HOW BIG THIS RACKET IS! WE'LL FIND THAT OUT AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS A FEW MOMENTS LATER...
HUH? OH, IT'S YOU AGAIN! WHAT IS IT THIS TIME--MURDER, MANHANDLING OR MAYHEM?
WORSE THAN THAT! WE WANT TO USE YOUR FILES TO CHECK UP ON THE DIRTIEST RACKET YET!

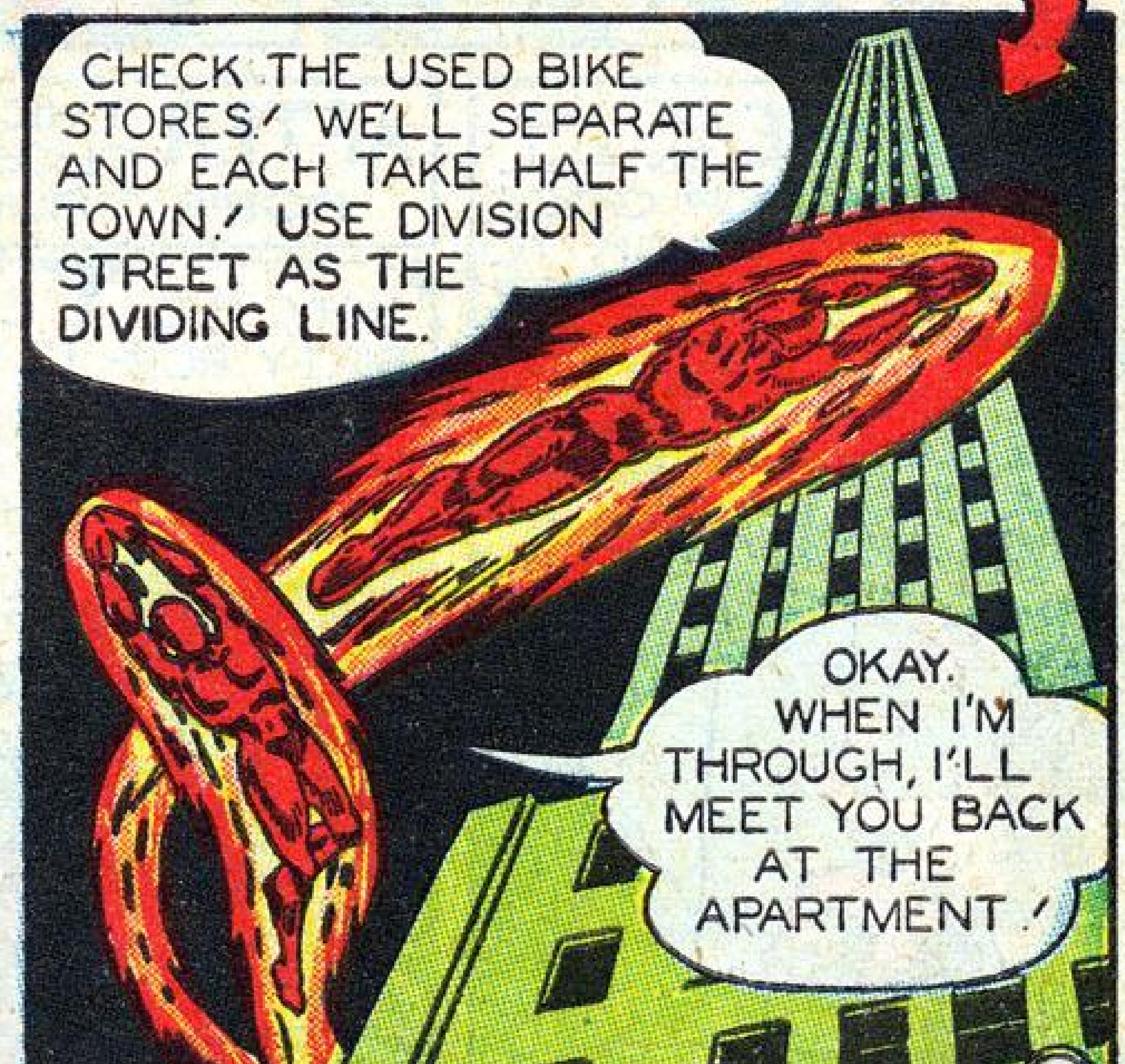
IN A WELL-EQUIPPED MACHINE-SHOP NEAR THE WATERFRONT, A GROUP OF SELF-SATISFIED CHARACTERS SMUGLY REGARD THEIR LOOT!


HEH! HEH! BUSINESS IS GOOD! AFTER THEY GET FINISHED WITH 'EM HERE, WE CAN SELL 'EM FOR NEW! AND AT **BLACK MARKET PRICES!**
HA! HA! THAT'S GOOD, EH? THE KIDS BUYING BACK THEIR OWN BIKES!

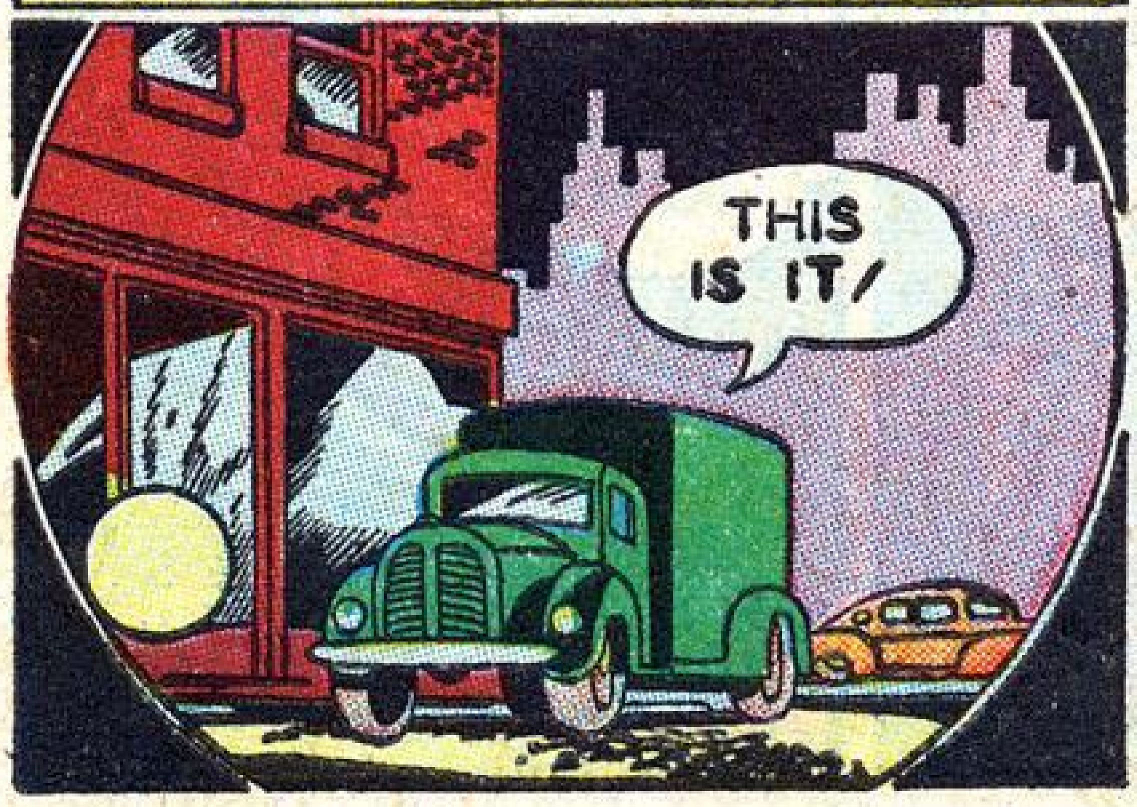

THAT'S THE FLAW IN THIS RACKET! SUPPOSE ONE OF THE BRAT'S PARENTS--
YOU THINK TOO MUCH! LET'S GET LOADED UP. COOKIE'S WAITING FOR THEM OVER AT THE STORE!

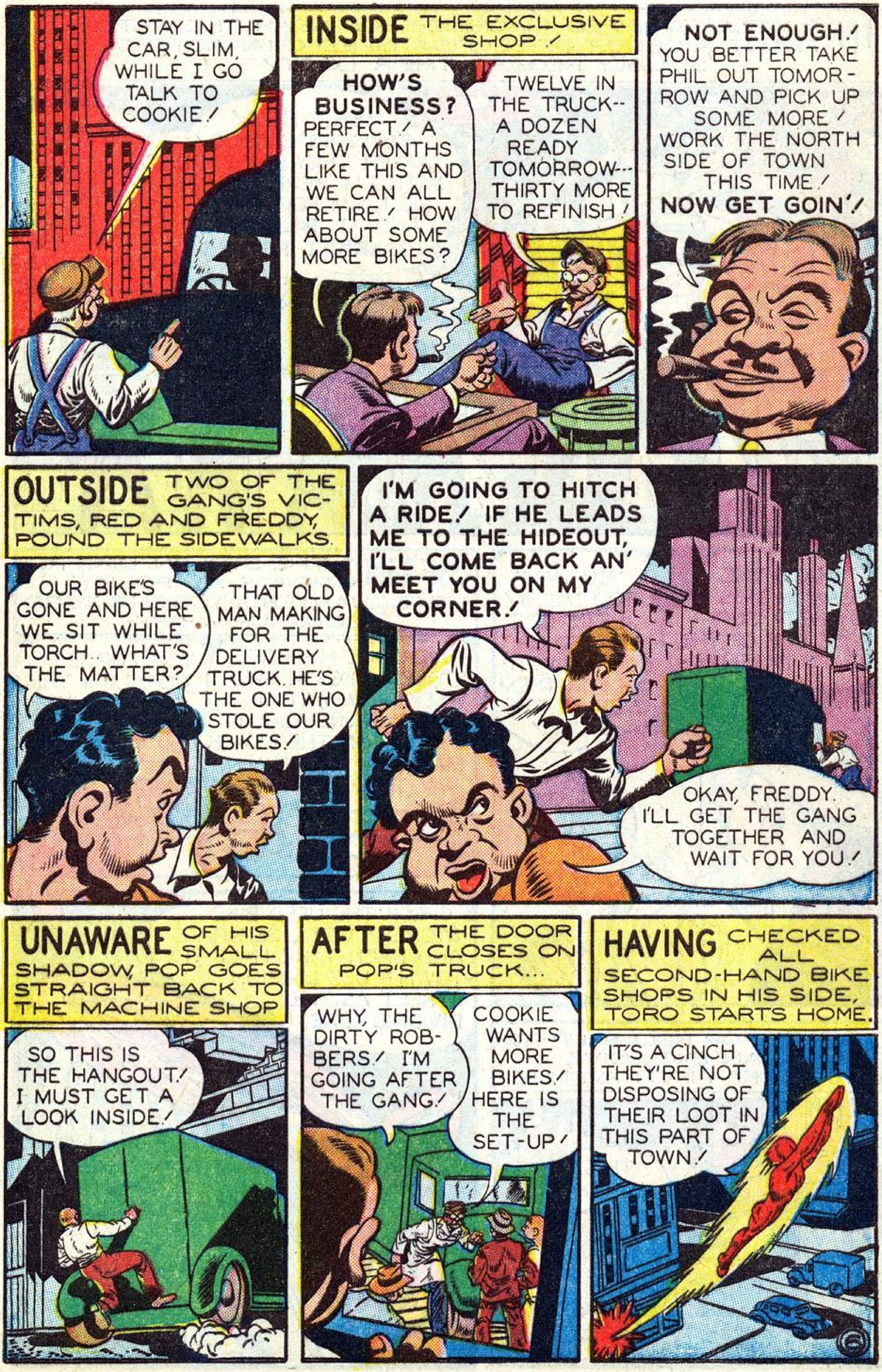
SIFTING THE STOLEN BIKE REPORTS AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, TORCH & TORO COME UP WITH--

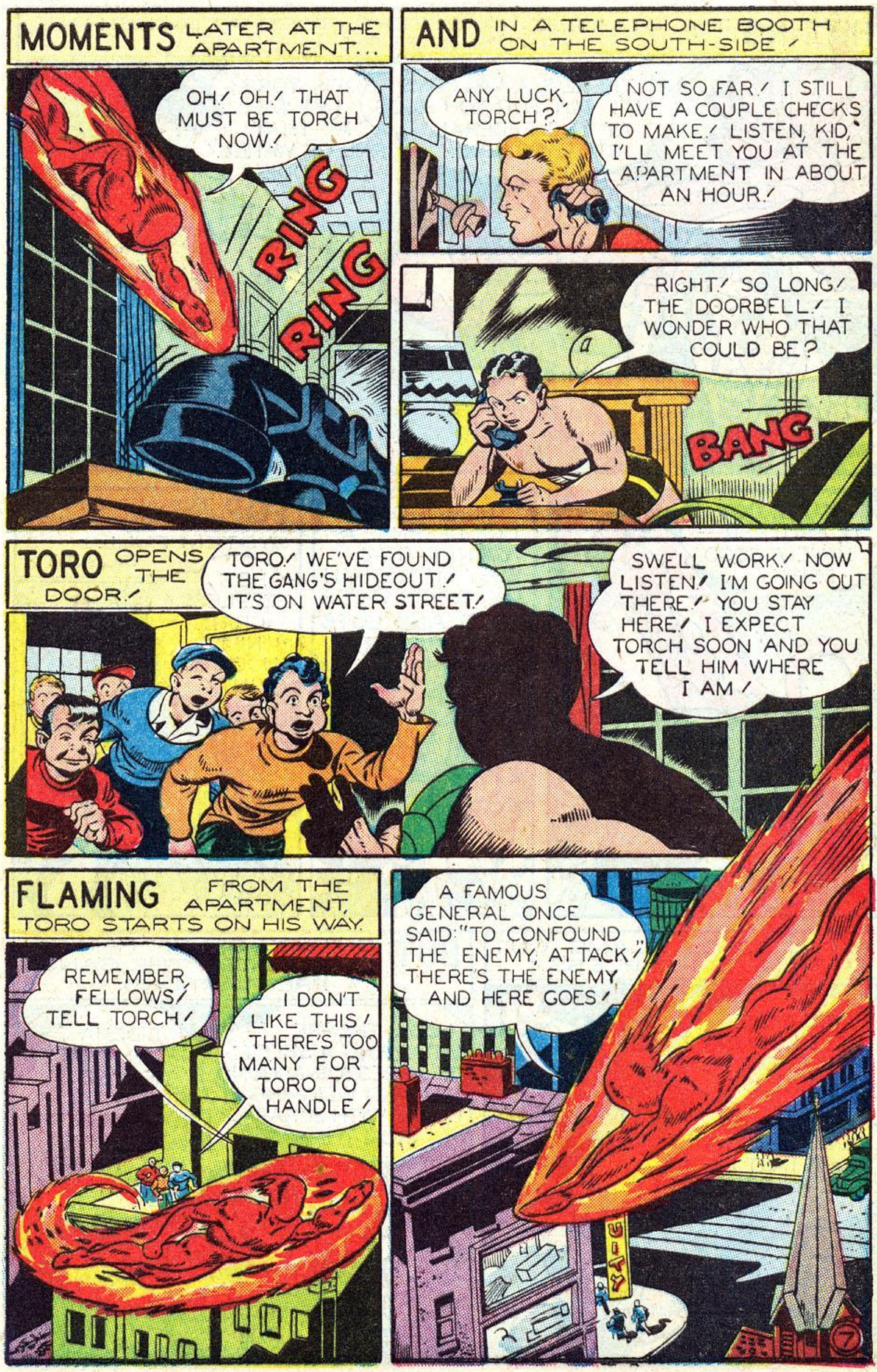

OVER ONE HUNDRED STOLEN BIKES IN TWO WEEKS! WHY, THAT WOULD BRING ABOUT $10,000 ON THE BLACK MARKET! ANYHOW---NO WAY TO CHECK UP!
YOU FORGET GERALD'S TRICYCLE...PAINT WON'T COVER UP THAT GASH. LET'S GO!


CHECK THE USED BIKE STORES! WE'LL SEPARATE AND EACH TAKE HALF THE TOWN! USE DIVISION STREET AS THE DIVIDING LINE.
OKAY. WHEN I'M THROUGH, I'LL MEET YOU BACK AT THE APARTMENT!

WHILE POP ROLLS UP TO AN EXCLUSIVE STORE OFF FIFTH AVENUE!




STAY IN THE CAR, SLIM, WHILE I GO TALK TO COOKIE!
INSIDE THE EXCLUSIVE SHOP!
HOW'S BUSINESS? PERFECT! A FEW MONTHS LIKE THIS AND WE CAN ALL RETIRE! HOW ABOUT SOME MORE BIKES?
TWELVE IN THE TRUCK-- A DOZEN READY TOMORROW-- THIRTY MORE TO REFINISH!
NOT ENOUGH! YOU BETTER TAKE PHIL OUT TOMORROW AND PICK UP SOME MORE! WORK THE NORTH SIDE OF TOWN THIS TIME! NOW GET GOIN'!
OUTSIDE TWO OF THE GANG'S VICTIMS, RED AND FREDDY, POUND THE SIDEWALKS.
OUR BIKE'S GONE AND HERE WE SIT WHILE TORCH.. WHAT'S THE MATTER?
THAT OLD MAN MAKING FOR THE DELIVERY TRUCK. HE'S THE ONE WHO STOLE OUR BIKES!
I'M GOING TO HITCH A RIDE! IF HE LEADS ME TO THE HIDEOUT, I'LL COME BACK AN' MEET YOU ON MY CORNER!
OKAY, FREDDY. I'LL GET THE GANG TOGETHER AND WAIT FOR YOU!
UNAWARE OF HIS SMALL SHADOW, POP GOES STRAIGHT BACK TO THE MACHINE SHOP
SO THIS IS THE HANGOUT! I MUST GET A LOOK INSIDE!
AFTER THE DOOR CLOSES ON POP'S TRUCK...
WHY, THE DIRTY ROBBERS! I'M GOING AFTER THE GANG!
COOKIE WANTS MORE BIKES! HERE IS THE SET-UP!
HAVING CHECKED ALL SECOND-HAND BIKE SHOPS IN HIS SIDE, TORO STARTS HOME.
IT'S A CINCH THEY'RE NOT DISPOSING OF THEIR LOOT IN THIS PART OF TOWN!


MOMENTS LATER AT THE APARTMENT...
OH! OH! THAT MUST BE TORCH NOW!
RING RING
AND IN A TELEPHONE BOOTH ON THE SOUTH-SIDE!
ANY LUCK, TORCH?
NOT SO FAR! I STILL HAVE A COUPLE CHECKS TO MAKE! LISTEN, KID, I'LL MEET YOU AT THE APARTMENT IN ABOUT AN HOUR!
RIGHT! SO LONG! THE DOORBELL! I WONDER WHO THAT COULD BE?
BANG
TORO OPENS THE DOOR!
TORO! WE'VE FOUND THE GANG'S HIDEOUT! IT'S ON WATER STREET!
SWELL WORK! NOW LISTEN! I'M GOING OUT THERE! YOU STAY HERE! I EXPECT TORCH SOON AND YOU TELL HIM WHERE I AM!
FLAMING FROM THE APARTMENT, TORO STARTS ON HIS WAY.
REMEMBER, FELLOWS! TELL TORCH!
I DON'T LIKE THIS! THERE'S TOO MANY FOR TORO TO HANDLE!
A FAMOUS GENERAL ONCE SAID: "TO CONFOUND THE ENEMY, ATTACK!" THERE'S THE ENEMY AND HERE GOES!
CITY
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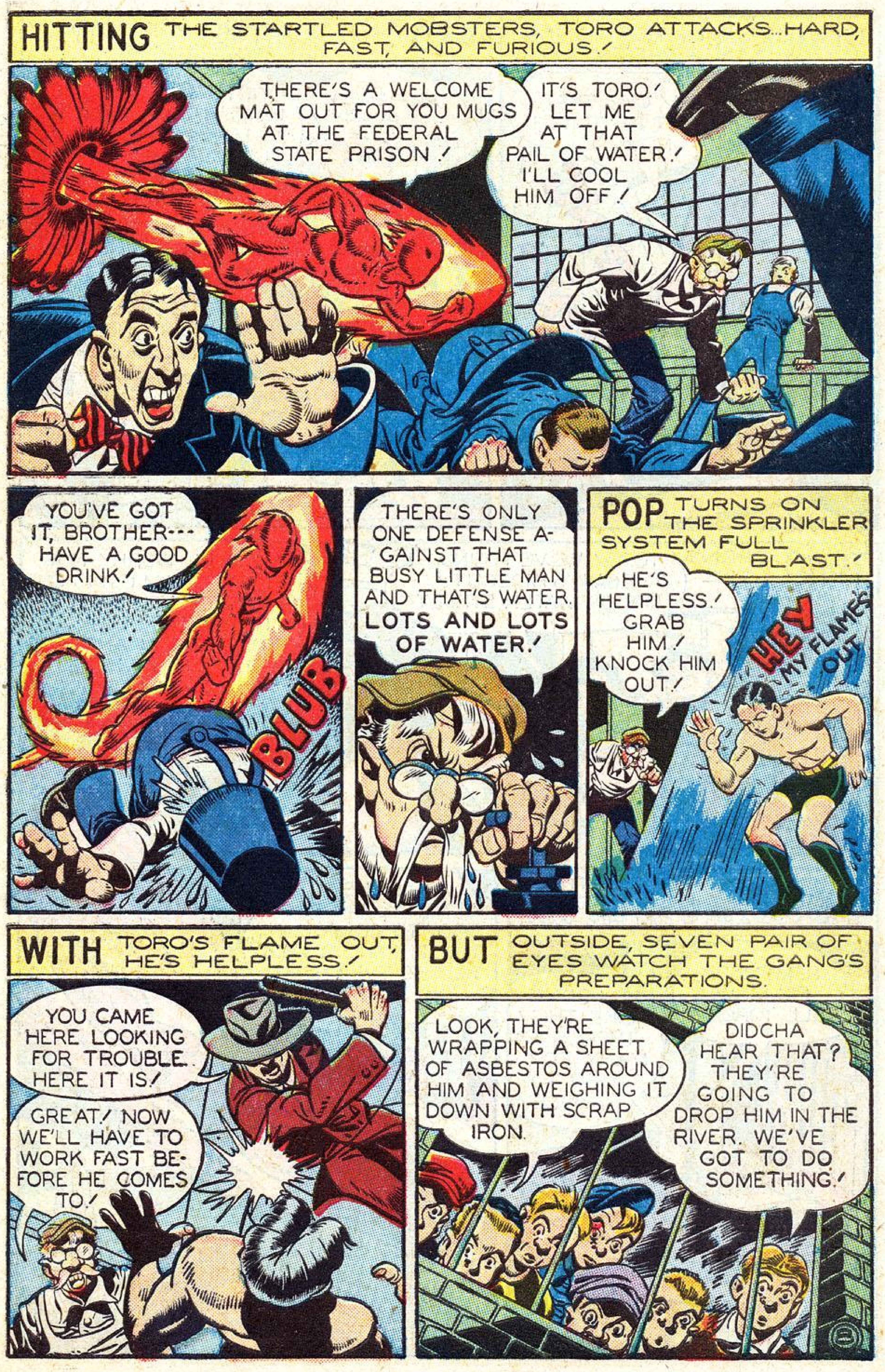
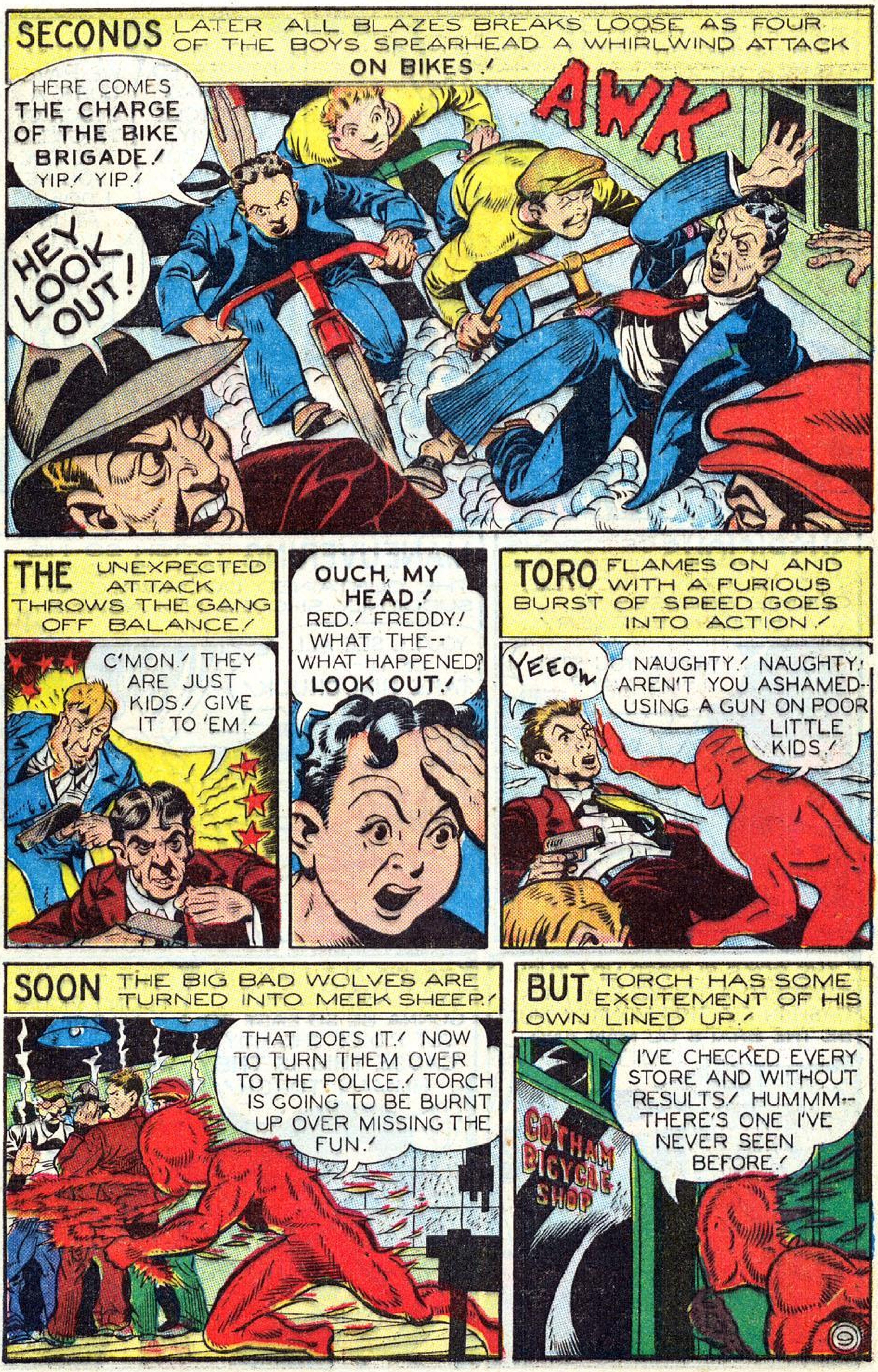
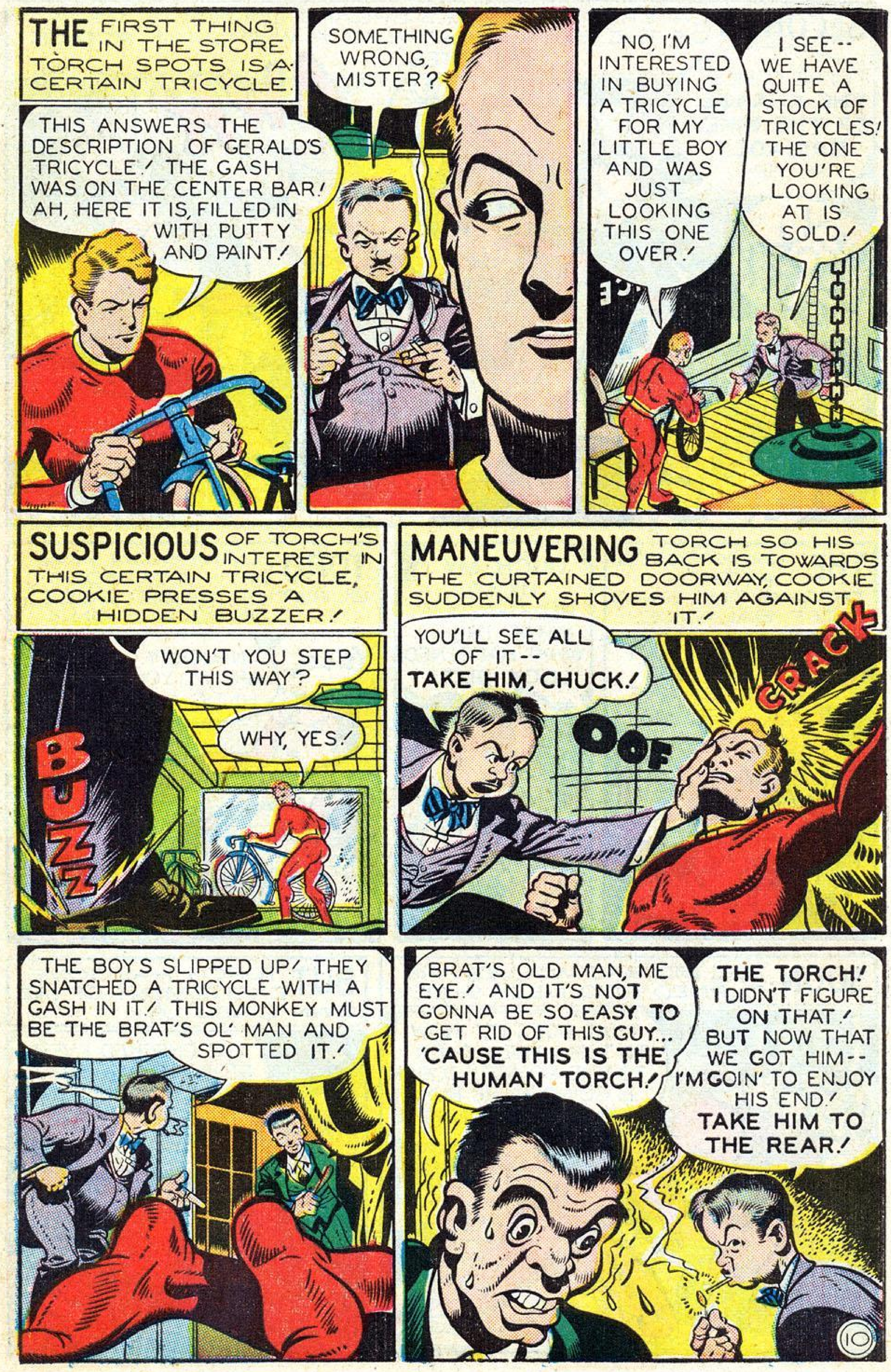
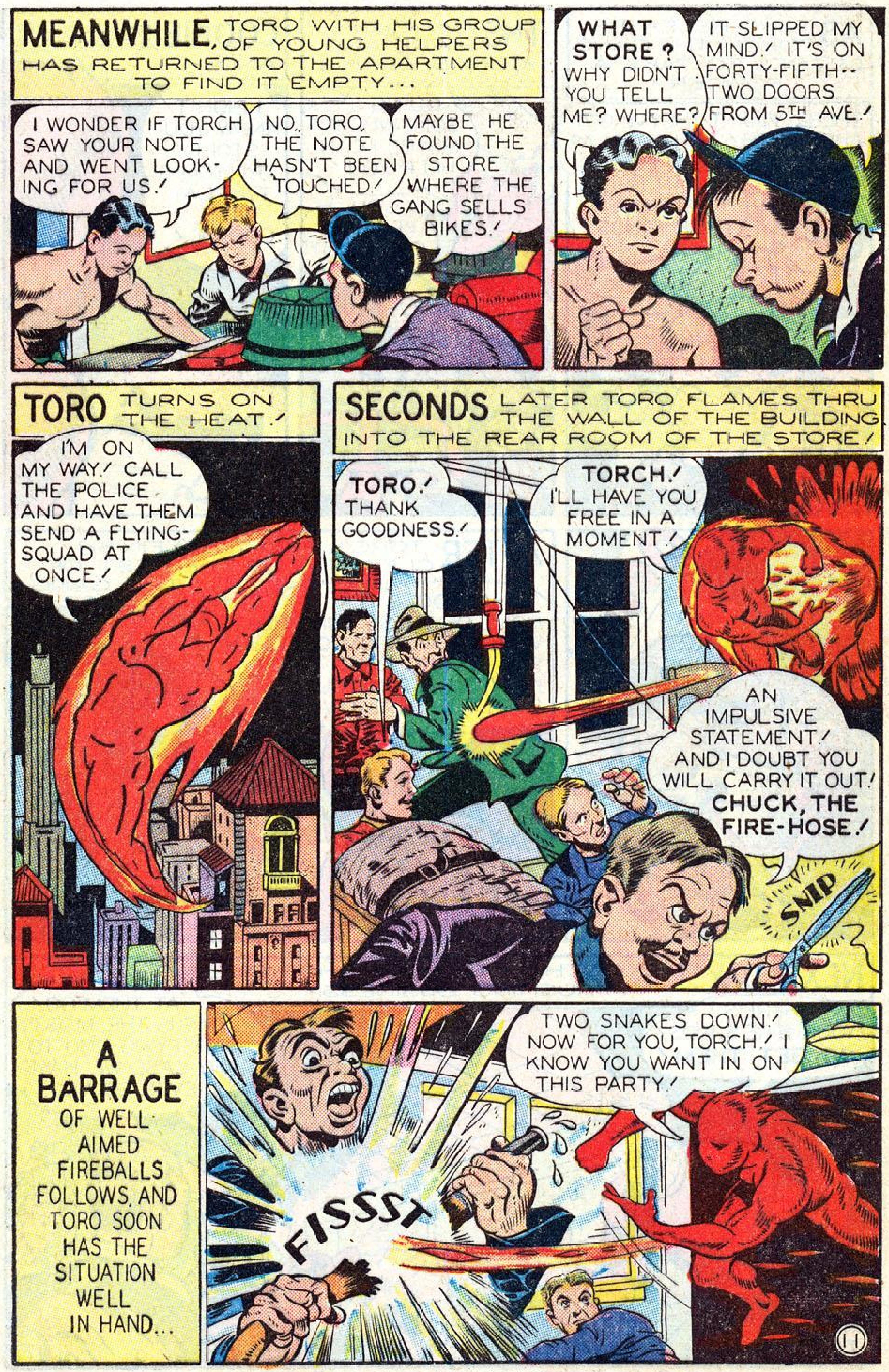

HITTING THE STARTLED MOBSTERS, TORO ATTACKS...HARD, FAST, AND FURIOUS!
THERE'S A WELCOME MAT OUT FOR YOU MUGS AT THE FEDERAL STATE PRISON!
IT'S TORO! LET ME AT THAT PAIL OF WATER! I'LL COOL HIM OFF!
YOU'VE GOT IT, BROTHER--- HAVE A GOOD DRINK!
BLUB
THERE'S ONLY ONE DEFENSE AGAINST THAT BUSY LITTLE MAN AND THAT'S WATER. LOTS AND LOTS OF WATER!
POP TURNS ON THE SPRINKLER SYSTEM FULL BLAST!
HE'S HELPLESS! GRAB HIM! KNOCK HIM OUT!
HEY MY FLAME'S OUT
WITH TORO'S FLAME OUT, HE'S HELPLESS!
YOU CAME HERE LOOKING FOR TROUBLE. HERE IT IS!
GREAT! NOW WE'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST BEFORE HE COMES TO!
BUT OUTSIDE, SEVEN PAIR OF EYES WATCH THE GANG'S PREPARATIONS.
LOOK, THEY'RE WRAPPING A SHEET OF ASBESTOS AROUND HIM AND WEIGHING IT DOWN WITH SCRAP IRON.
DIDCHA HEAR THAT? THEY'RE GOING TO DROP HIM IN THE RIVER. WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!


SECONDS LATER ALL BLAZES BREAKS LOOSE AS FOUR OF THE BOYS SPEARHEAD A WHIRLWIND ATTACK ON BIKES!
HERE COMES THE CHARGE OF THE BIKE BRIGADE! YIP! YIP!
AWK
HEY LOOK OUT!
THE UNEXPECTED ATTACK THROWS THE GANG OFF BALANCE!
C'MON! THEY ARE JUST KIDS! GIVE IT TO 'EM!
OUCH, MY HEAD! RED! FREDDY! WHAT THE-- WHAT HAPPENED? LOOK OUT!
TORO FLAMES ON AND WITH A FURIOUS BURST OF SPEED GOES INTO ACTION!
YEEOW
NAUGHTY! NAUGHTY! AREN'T YOU ASHAMED-- USING A GUN ON POOR LITTLE KIDS!
SOON THE BIG BAD WOLVES ARE TURNED INTO MEEK SHEEP!
THAT DOES IT! NOW TO TURN THEM OVER TO THE POLICE! TORCH IS GOING TO BE BURNT UP OVER MISSING THE FUN!
BUT TORCH HAS SOME EXCITEMENT OF HIS OWN LINED UP!
GOTHAM BICYCLE SHOP
I'VE CHECKED EVERY STORE AND WITHOUT RESULTS! HUMMM-- THERE'S ONE I'VE NEVER SEEN BEFORE!


THE FIRST THING IN THE STORE TORCH SPOTS IS A CERTAIN TRICYCLE.
THIS ANSWERS THE DESCRIPTION OF GERALD'S TRICYCLE! THE GASH WAS ON THE CENTER BAR! AH, HERE IT IS, FILLED IN WITH PUTTY AND PAINT!
SOMETHING WRONG, MISTER?
NO, I'M INTERESTED IN BUYING A TRICYCLE FOR MY LITTLE BOY AND WAS JUST LOOKING THIS ONE OVER!
I SEE -- WE HAVE QUITE A STOCK OF TRICYCLES! THE ONE YOU'RE LOOKING AT IS SOLD!
SUSPICIOUS OF TORCH'S INTEREST IN THIS CERTAIN TRICYCLE, COOKIE PRESSES A HIDDEN BUZZER!
WON'T YOU STEP THIS WAY?
WHY, YES!
BUZZ
MANEUVERING TORCH SO HIS BACK IS TOWARDS THE CURTAINED DOORWAY, COOKIE SUDDENLY SHOVES HIM AGAINST IT!
YOU'LL SEE ALL OF IT -- TAKE HIM, CHUCK!
CRACK
OOF
THE BOYS SLIPPED UP! THEY SNATCHED A TRICYCLE WITH A GASH IN IT! THIS MONKEY MUST BE THE BRAT'S OL' MAN AND SPOTTED IT!
BRAT'S OLD MAN, ME EYE! AND IT'S NOT GONNA BE SO EASY TO GET RID OF THIS GUY... 'CAUSE THIS IS THE HUMAN TORCH!
THE TORCH! I DIDN'T FIGURE ON THAT! BUT NOW THAT WE GOT HIM -- I'M GOIN' TO ENJOY HIS END! TAKE HIM TO THE REAR!


MEANWHILE, TORO WITH HIS GROUP OF YOUNG HELPERS HAS RETURNED TO THE APARTMENT TO FIND IT EMPTY...
I WONDER IF TORCH SAW YOUR NOTE AND WENT LOOKING FOR US!
NO, TORO, THE NOTE HASN'T BEEN TOUCHED!
MAYBE HE FOUND THE STORE WHERE THE GANG SELLS BIKES!
WHAT STORE? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME? WHERE?
IT SLIPPED MY MIND! IT'S ON FORTY-FIFTH-- TWO DOORS FROM 5TH AVE!
TORO TURNS ON THE HEAT!
I'M ON MY WAY! CALL THE POLICE AND HAVE THEM SEND A FLYING-SQUAD AT ONCE!
SECONDS LATER TORO FLAMES THRU THE WALL OF THE BUILDING INTO THE REAR ROOM OF THE STORE!
TORO! THANK GOODNESS!
TORCH! I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A MOMENT!
AN IMPULSIVE STATEMENT! AND I DOUBT YOU WILL CARRY IT OUT! CHUCK, THE FIRE-HOSE!
SNIP
A BARRAGE OF WELL AIMED FIREBALLS FOLLOWS, AND TORO SOON HAS THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND...
TWO SNAKES DOWN! NOW FOR YOU, TORCH! I KNOW YOU WANT IN ON THIS PARTY!
FISSST
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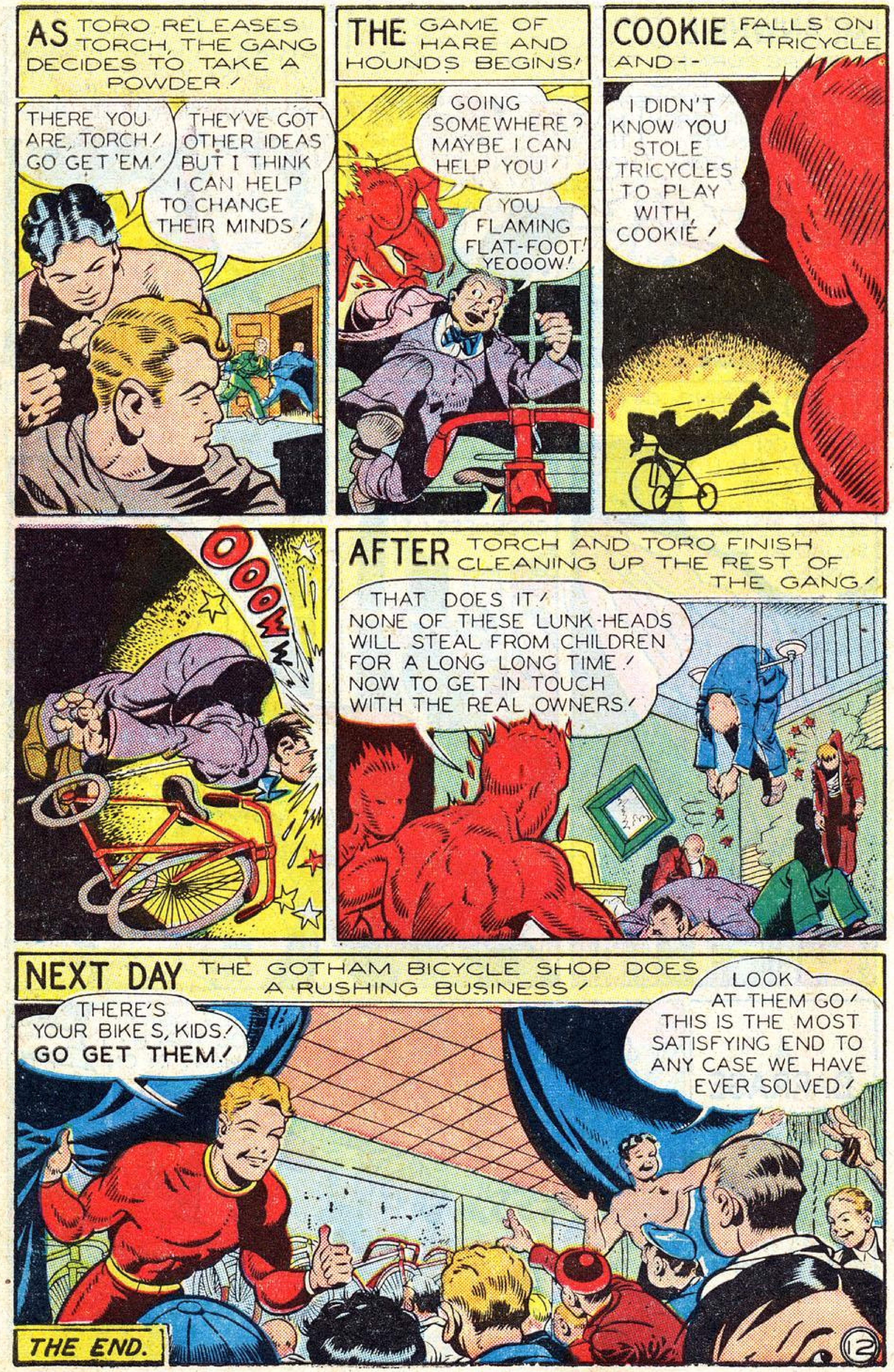
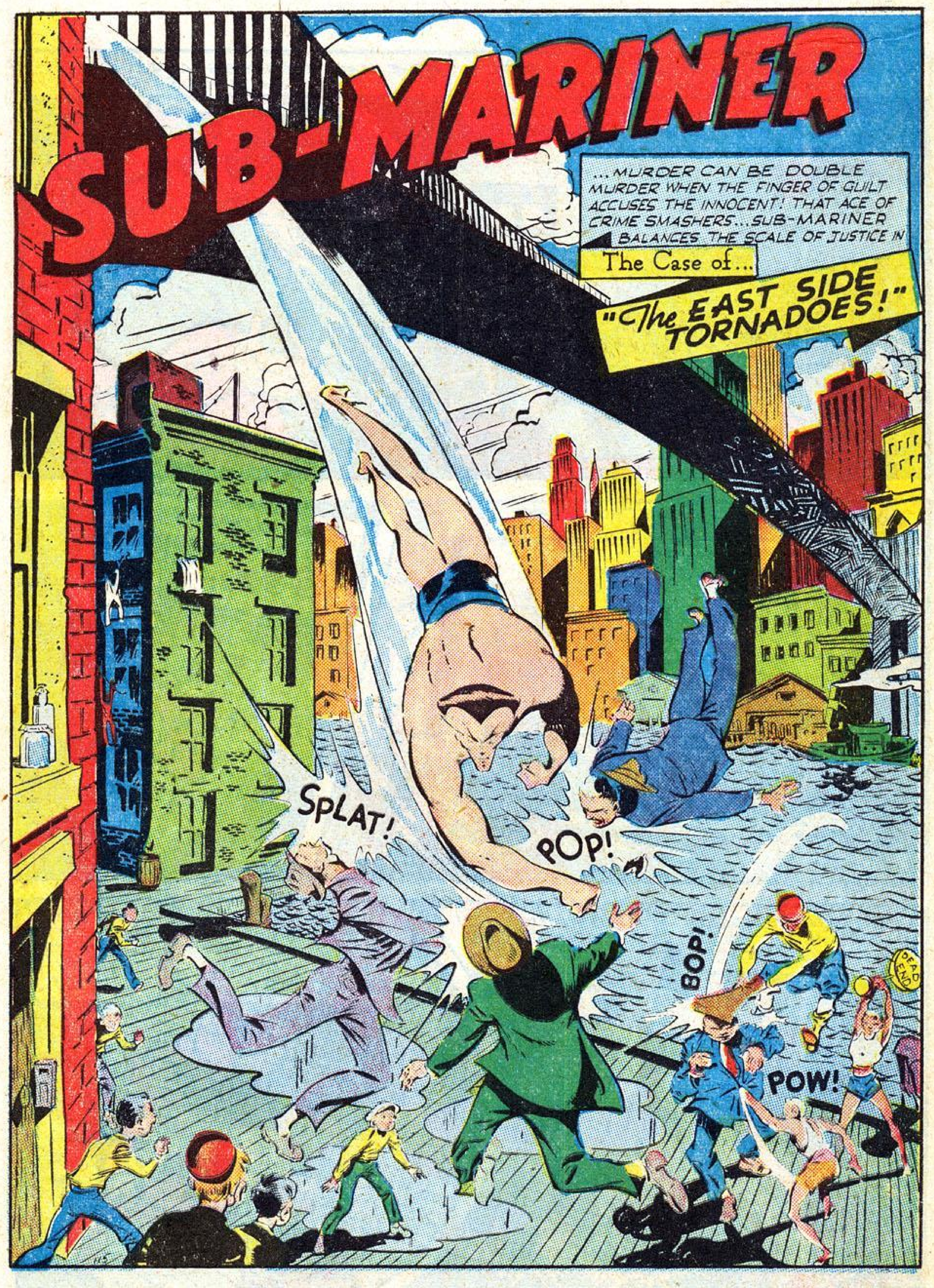
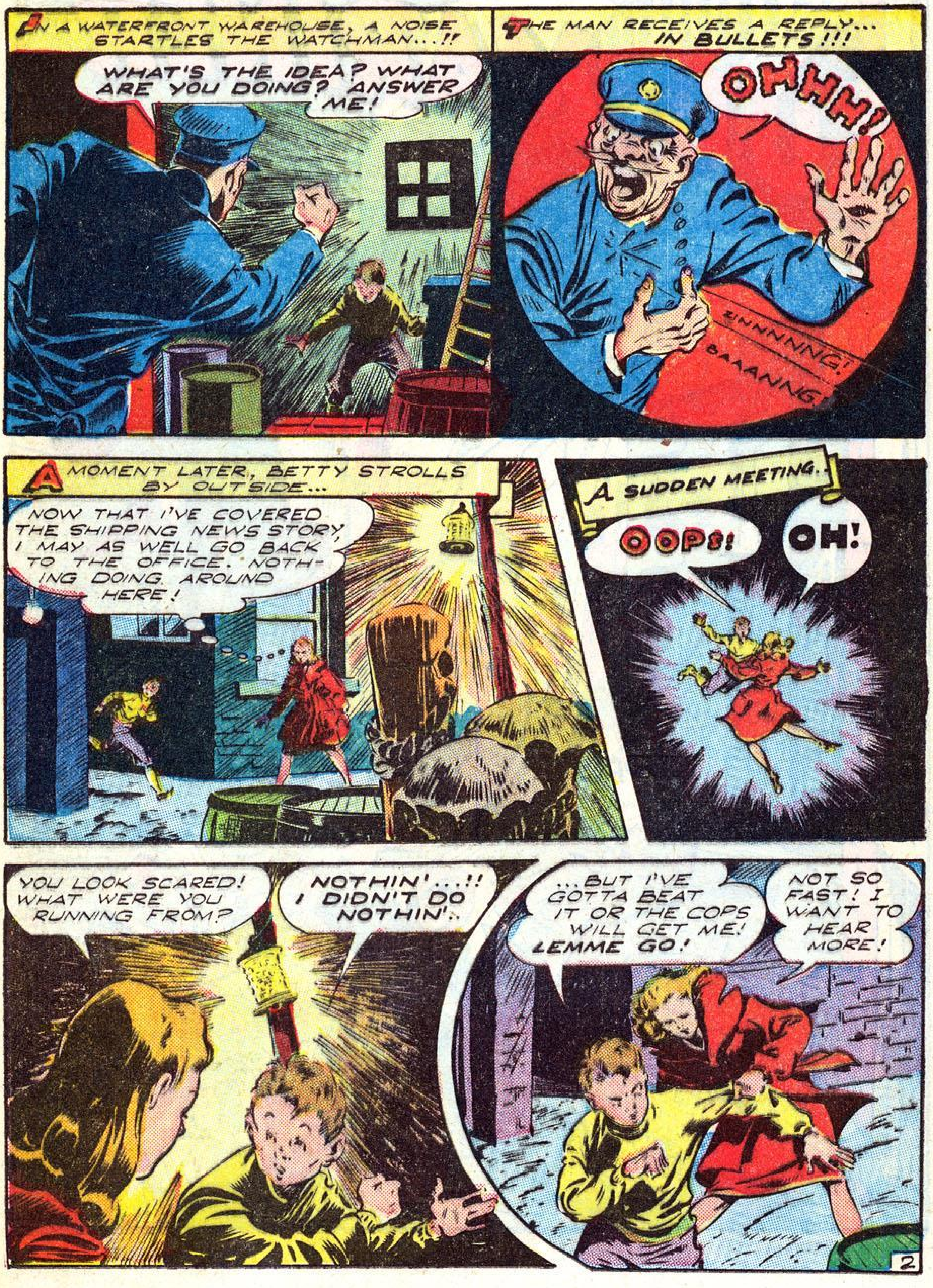
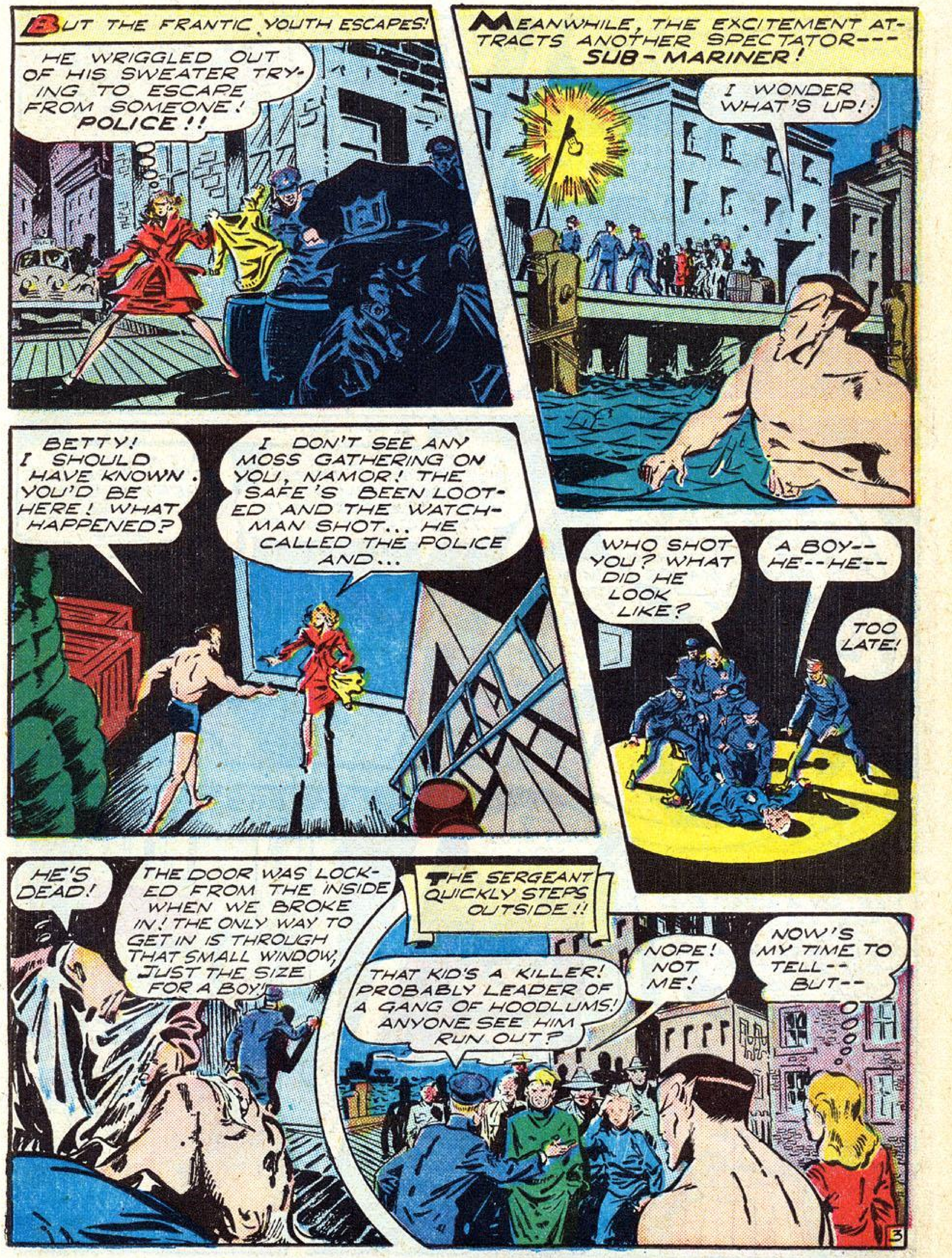
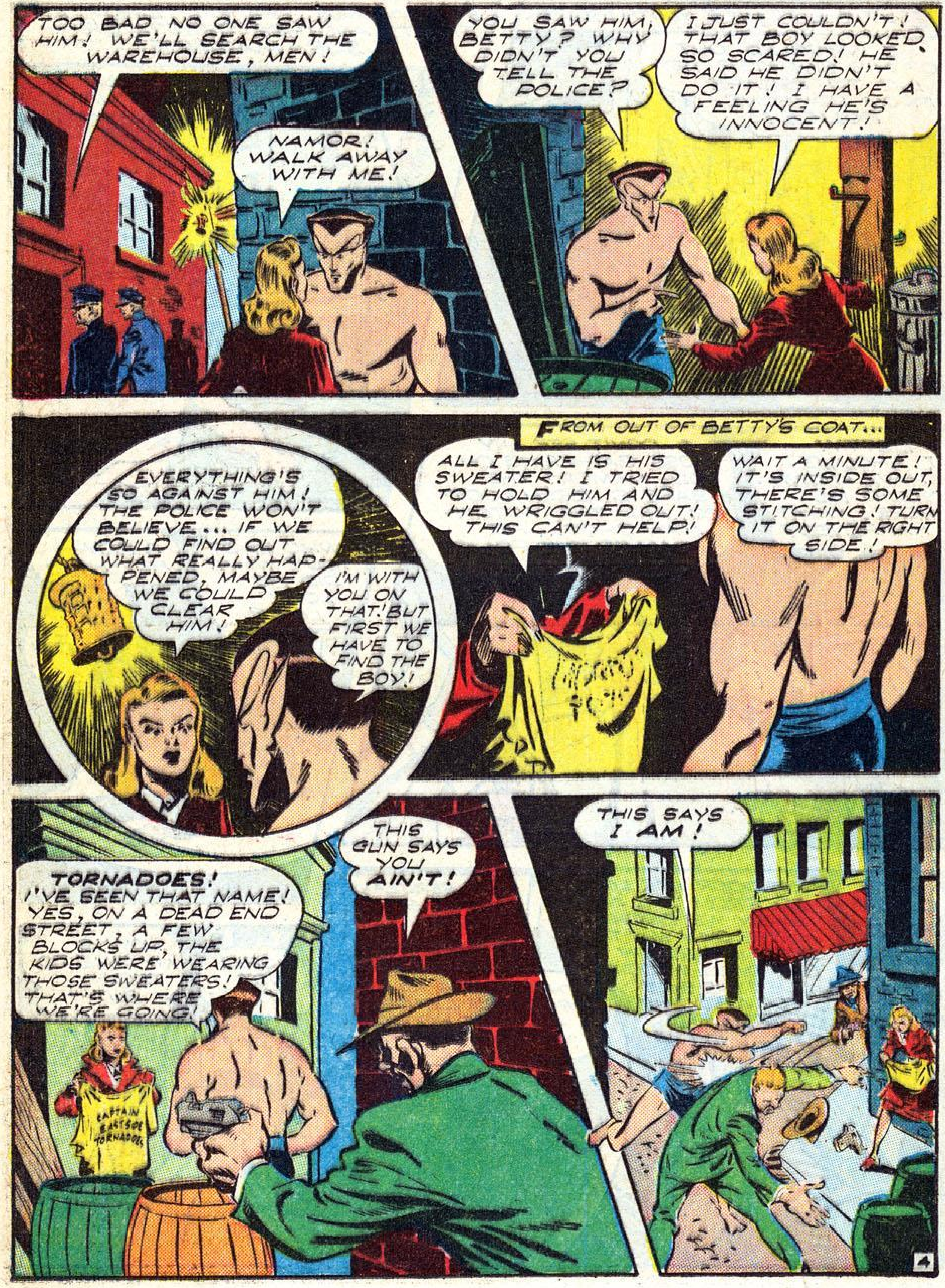

AS TORO RELEASES TORCH, THE GANG DECIDES TO TAKE A POWDER!
THERE YOU ARE, TORCH! GO GET 'EM!
THEY'VE GOT OTHER IDEAS BUT I THINK I CAN HELP TO CHANGE THEIR MINDS!
THE GAME OF HARE AND HOUNDS BEGINS!
GOING SOMEWHERE? MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU!
YOU FLAMING FLAT-FOOT! YEOOOW!
COOKIE FALLS ON A TRICYCLE AND--
I DIDN'T KNOW YOU STOLE TRICYCLES TO PLAY WITH, COOKIE!
OOOOOW
AFTER TORCH AND TORO FINISH CLEANING UP THE REST OF THE GANG!
THAT DOES IT! NONE OF THESE LUNK-HEADS WILL STEAL FROM CHILDREN FOR A LONG LONG TIME! NOW TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE REAL OWNERS!
NEXT DAY THE GOTHAM BICYCLE SHOP DOES A RUSHING BUSINESS!
THERE'S YOUR BIKES, KIDS! **GO GET THEM!**
LOOK AT THEM GO! THIS IS THE MOST SATISFYING END TO ANY CASE WE HAVE EVER SOLVED!
THE END.
12


SUB-MARINER
...MURDER CAN BE DOUBLE MURDER WHEN THE FINGER OF GUILT ACCUSES THE INNOCENT! THAT ACE OF CRIME SMASHERS...SUB-MARINER BALANCES THE SCALE OF JUSTICE IN
The Case of...
"The EAST SIDE TORNADOES!"
SPLAT!
POP!
BOP!
DEAD END
POW!


IN A WATERFRONT WAREHOUSE, A NOISE STARTLES THE WATCHMAN...!!
WHAT'S THE IDEA? WHAT ARE YOU DOING? ANSWER ME!
THE MAN RECEIVES A REPLY... IN BULLETS!!!
OHHH!
ZINNNNNG!
BAAAANNG.
A MOMENT LATER, BETTY STROLLS BY OUTSIDE...
NOW THAT I'VE COVERED THE SHIPPING NEWS STORY, I MAY AS WELL GO BACK TO THE OFFICE. NOTHING DOING AROUND HERE!
A SUDDEN MEETING..
OOPS!
OH!
YOU LOOK SCARED! WHAT WERE YOU RUNNING FROM?
NOTHIN'...!! I DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'.
...BUT I'VE GOTTA BEAT IT OR THE COPS WILL GET ME! LEMME GO!
NOT SO FAST! I WANT TO HEAR MORE!


BUT THE FRANTIC YOUTH ESCAPES!
HE WRIGGLED OUT OF HIS SWEATER TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM SOMEONE! POLICE!!
MEANWHILE, THE EXCITEMENT ATTRACTS ANOTHER SPECTATOR--- SUB-MARINER!
I WONDER WHAT'S UP!
BETTY! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN YOU'D BE HERE! WHAT HAPPENED?
I DON'T SEE ANY MOSS GATHERING ON YOU, NAMOR! THE SAFE'S BEEN LOOTED AND THE WATCHMAN SHOT... HE CALLED THE POLICE AND...
WHO SHOT YOU? WHAT DID HE LOOK LIKE?
A BOY-- HE--HE--
TOO LATE!
HE'S DEAD!
THE DOOR WAS LOCKED FROM THE INSIDE WHEN WE BROKE IN! THE ONLY WAY TO GET IN IS THROUGH THAT SMALL WINDOW, JUST THE SIZE FOR A BOY!
THE SERGEANT QUICKLY STEPS OUTSIDE!!
THAT KID'S A KILLER! PROBABLY LEADER OF A GANG OF HOODLUMS! ANYONE SEE HIM RUN OUT?
NOPE! NOT ME!
NOW'S MY TIME TO TELL-- BUT--


TOO BAD NO ONE SAW HIM! WE'LL SEARCH THE WAREHOUSE, MEN!
NAMOR! WALK AWAY WITH ME!
YOU SAW HIM, BETTY? WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL THE POLICE?
I JUST COULDN'T! THAT BOY LOOKED SO SCARED! HE SAID HE DIDN'T DO IT! I HAVE A FEELING HE'S INNOCENT!
EVERYTHING'S SO AGAINST HIM! THE POLICE WON'T BELIEVE... IF WE COULD FIND OUT WHAT REALLY HAPPENED, MAYBE WE COULD CLEAR HIM!
I'M WITH YOU ON THAT! BUT FIRST WE HAVE TO FIND THE BOY!
FROM OUT OF BETTY'S COAT...
ALL I HAVE IS HIS SWEATER! I TRIED TO HOLD HIM AND HE WRIGGLED OUT! THIS CAN'T HELP!
WAIT A MINUTE! IT'S INSIDE OUT, THERE'S SOME STITCHING! TURN IT ON THE RIGHT SIDE!
TORNADOES! I'VE SEEN THAT NAME! YES, ON A DEAD END STREET, A FEW BLOCKS UP, THE KIDS WERE WEARING THOSE SWEATERS! THAT'S WHERE WE'RE GOING!
CAPTAIN EASTSIDE TORNADOES
THIS GUN SAYS YOU **AIN'T!**
THIS SAYS **I AM!**
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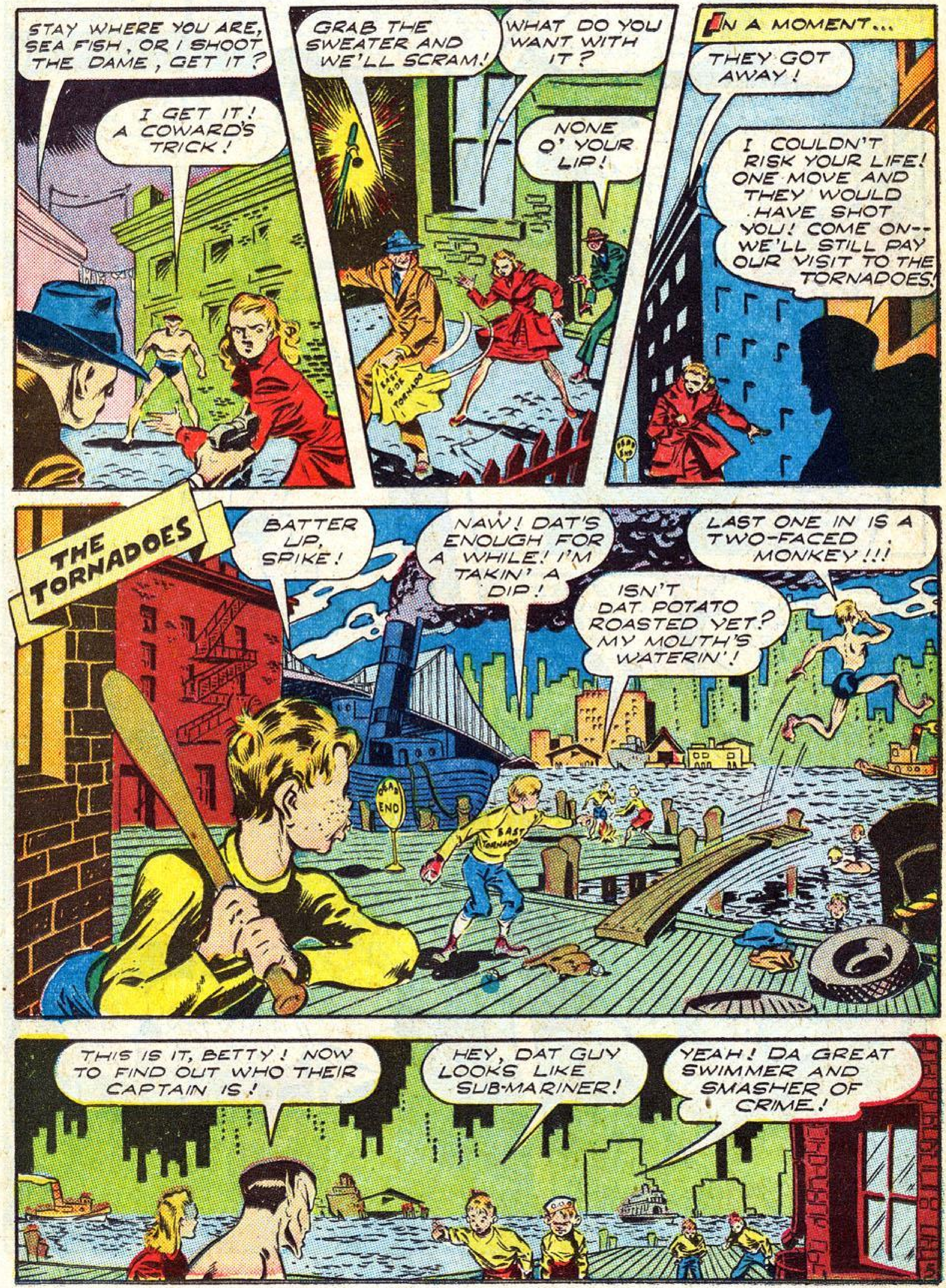
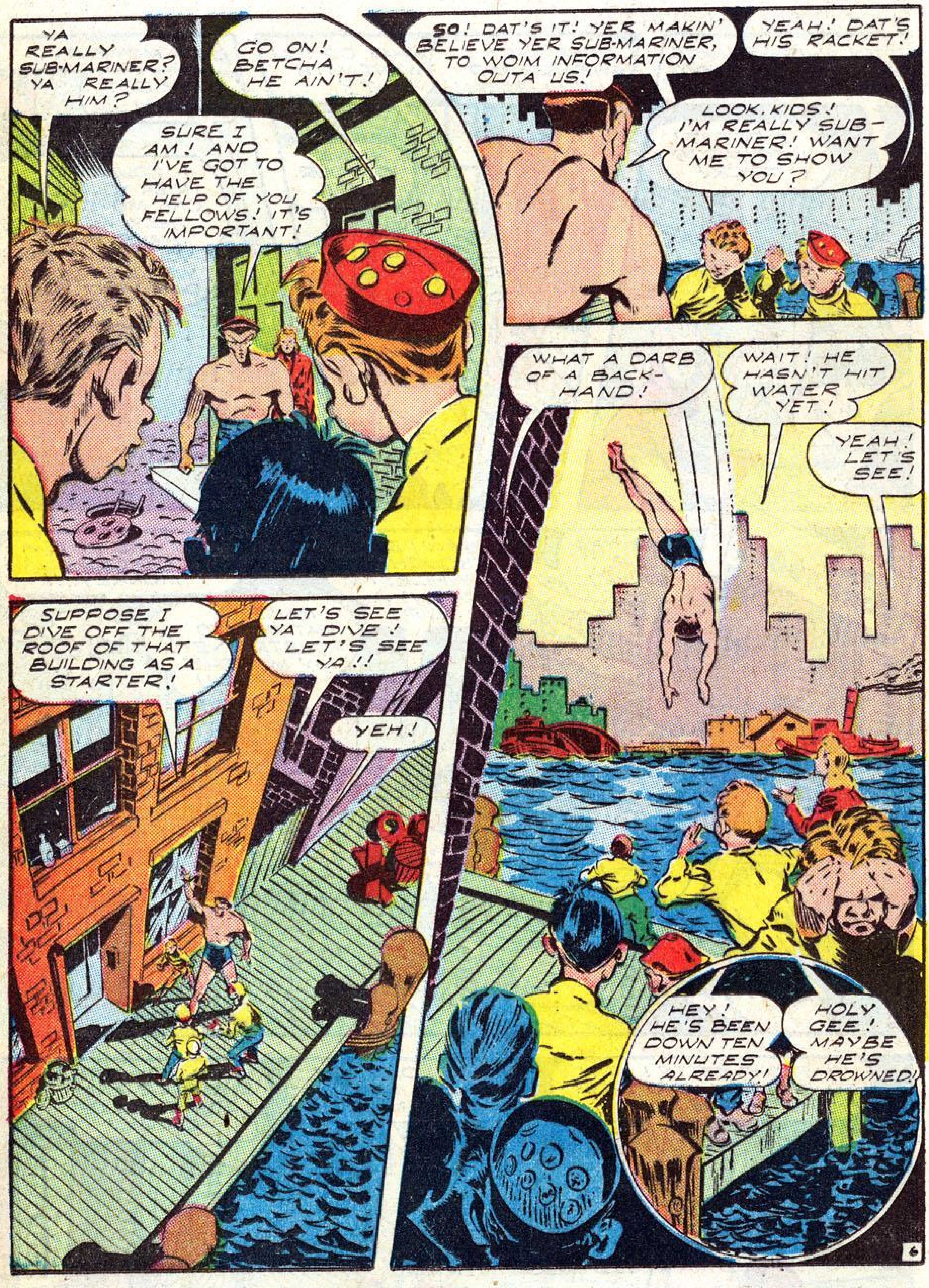
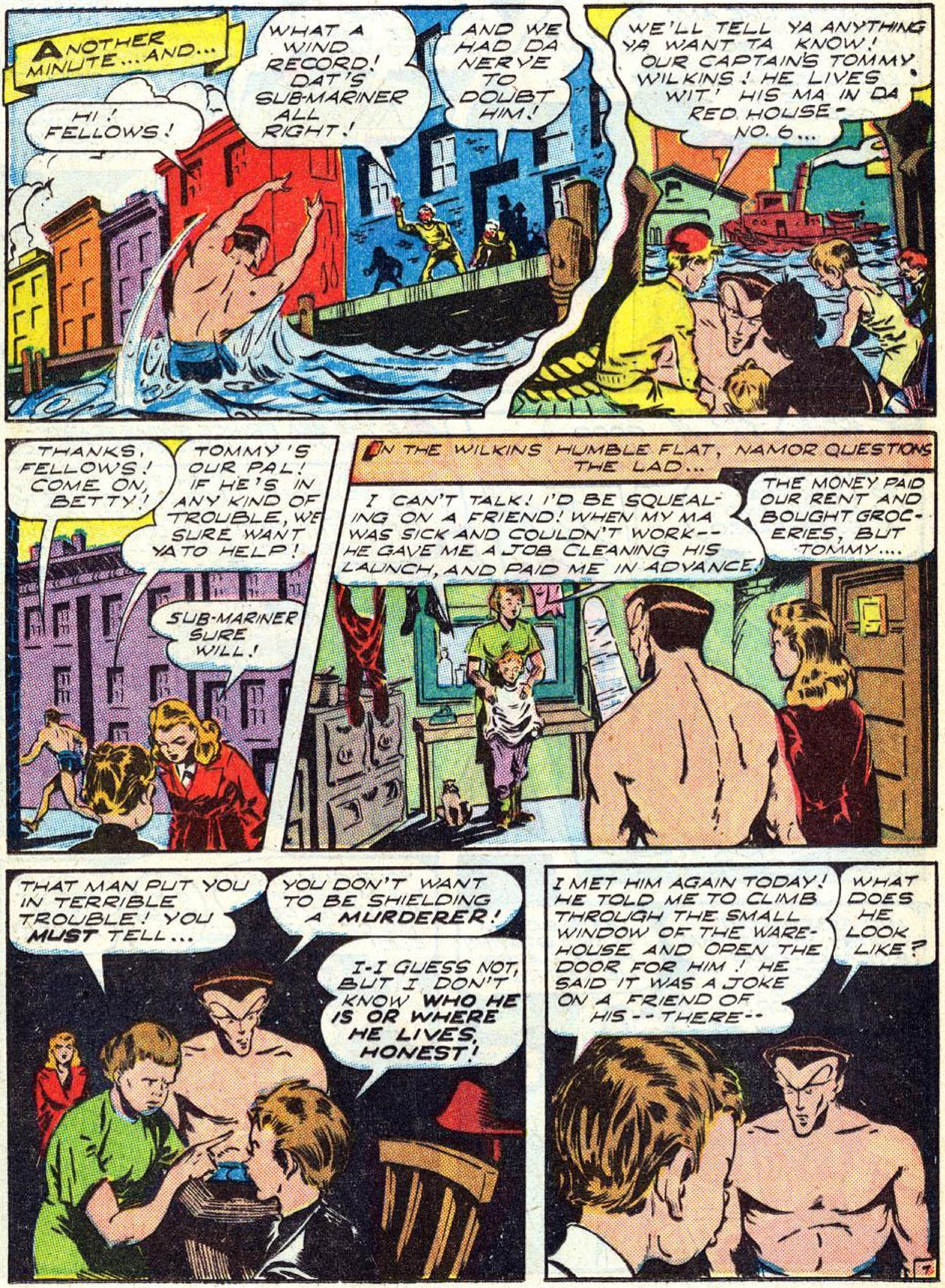
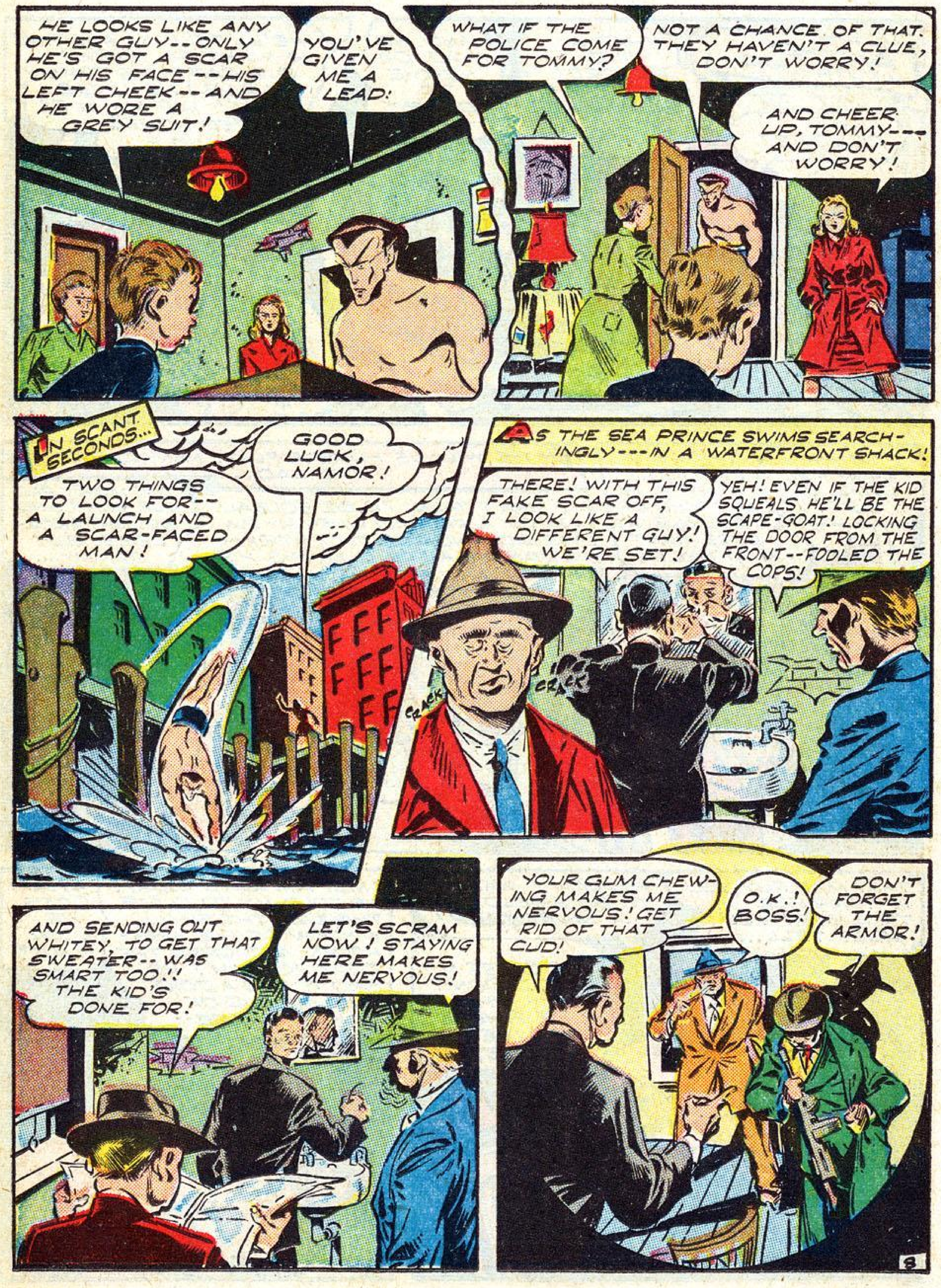
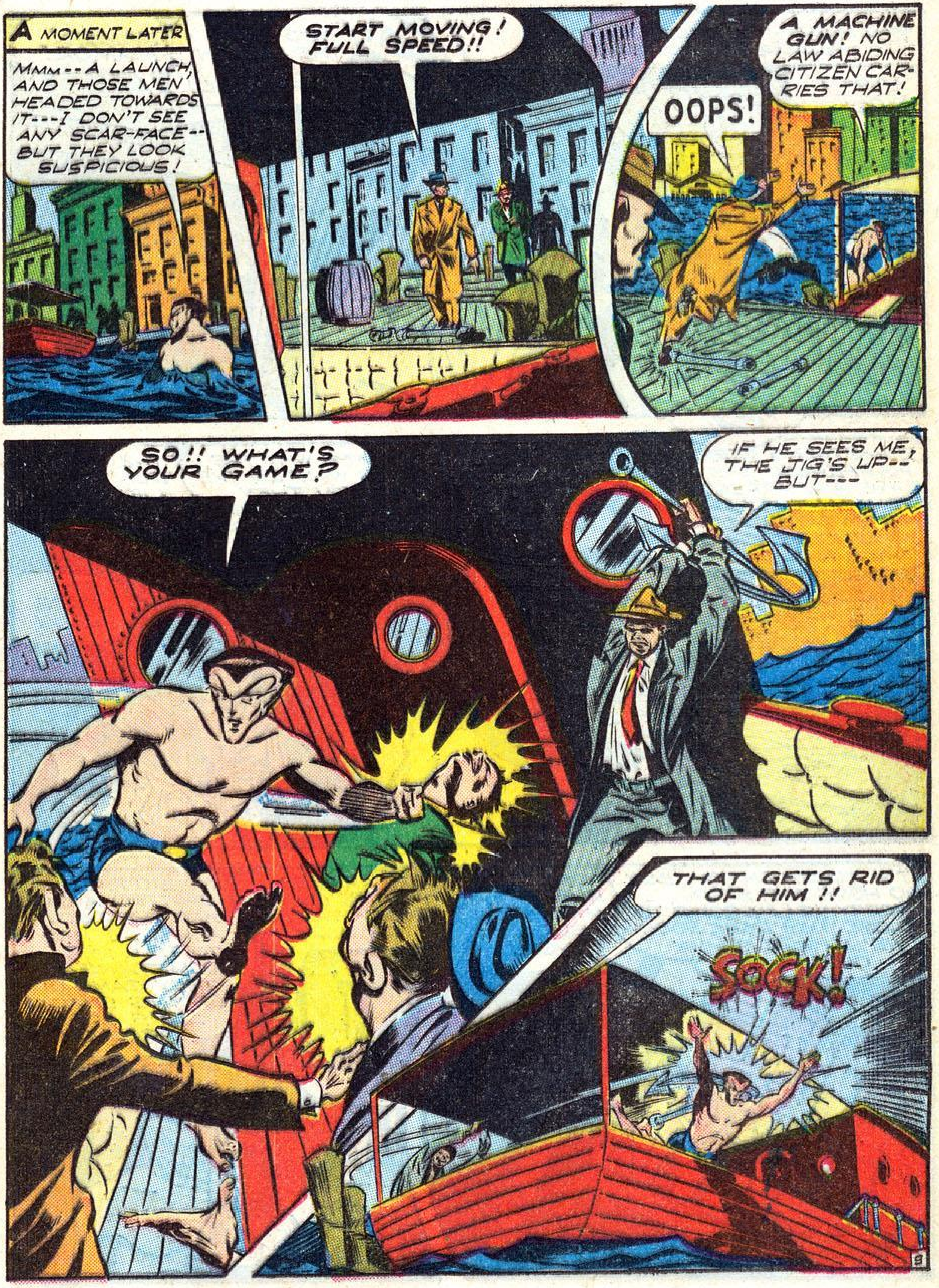
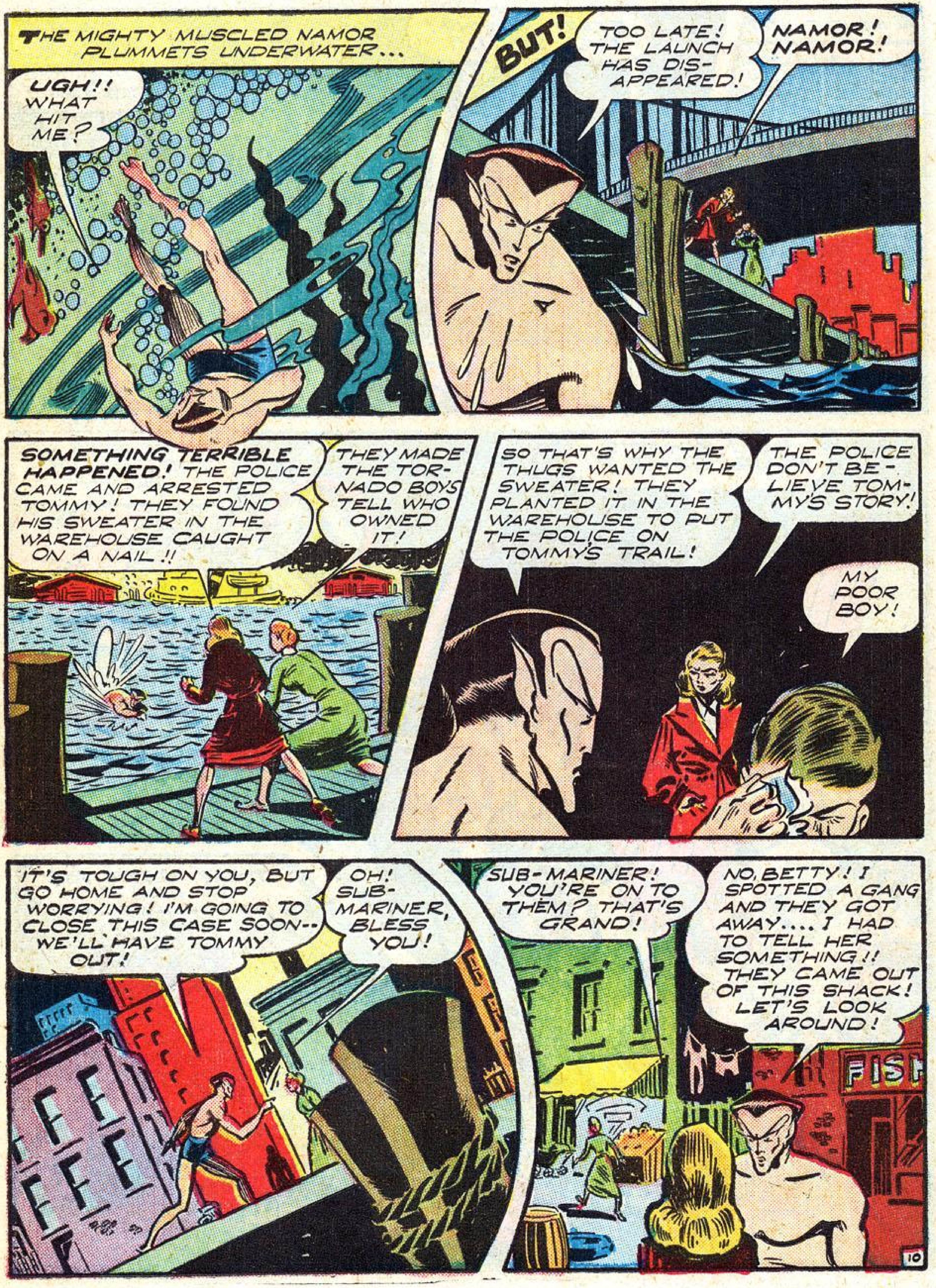

STAY WHERE YOU ARE, SEA FISH, OR I SHOOT THE DAME, GET IT?
I GET IT! A COWARD'S TRICK!
GRAB THE SWEATER AND WE'LL SCRAM!
WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH IT?
NONE O' YOUR LIP!
EAST SIDE TORNADO
IN A MOMENT...
THEY GOT AWAY!
I COULDN'T RISK YOUR LIFE! ONE MOVE AND THEY WOULD HAVE SHOT YOU! COME ON-- WE'LL STILL PAY OUR VISIT TO THE TORNADOES!
DEAD END
THE TORNADOES
BATTER UP, SPIKE!
NAW! DAT'S ENOUGH FOR A WHILE! I'M TAKIN' A DIP!
ISN'T DAT POTATO ROASTED YET? MY MOUTH'S WATERIN'!
LAST ONE IN IS A TWO-FACED MONKEY!!!
DEAD END
EAST TORNADO
THIS IS IT, BETTY! NOW TO FIND OUT WHO THEIR CAPTAIN IS!
HEY, DAT GUY LOOKS LIKE SUB-MARINER!
YEAH! DA GREAT SWIMMER AND SMASHER OF CRIME!

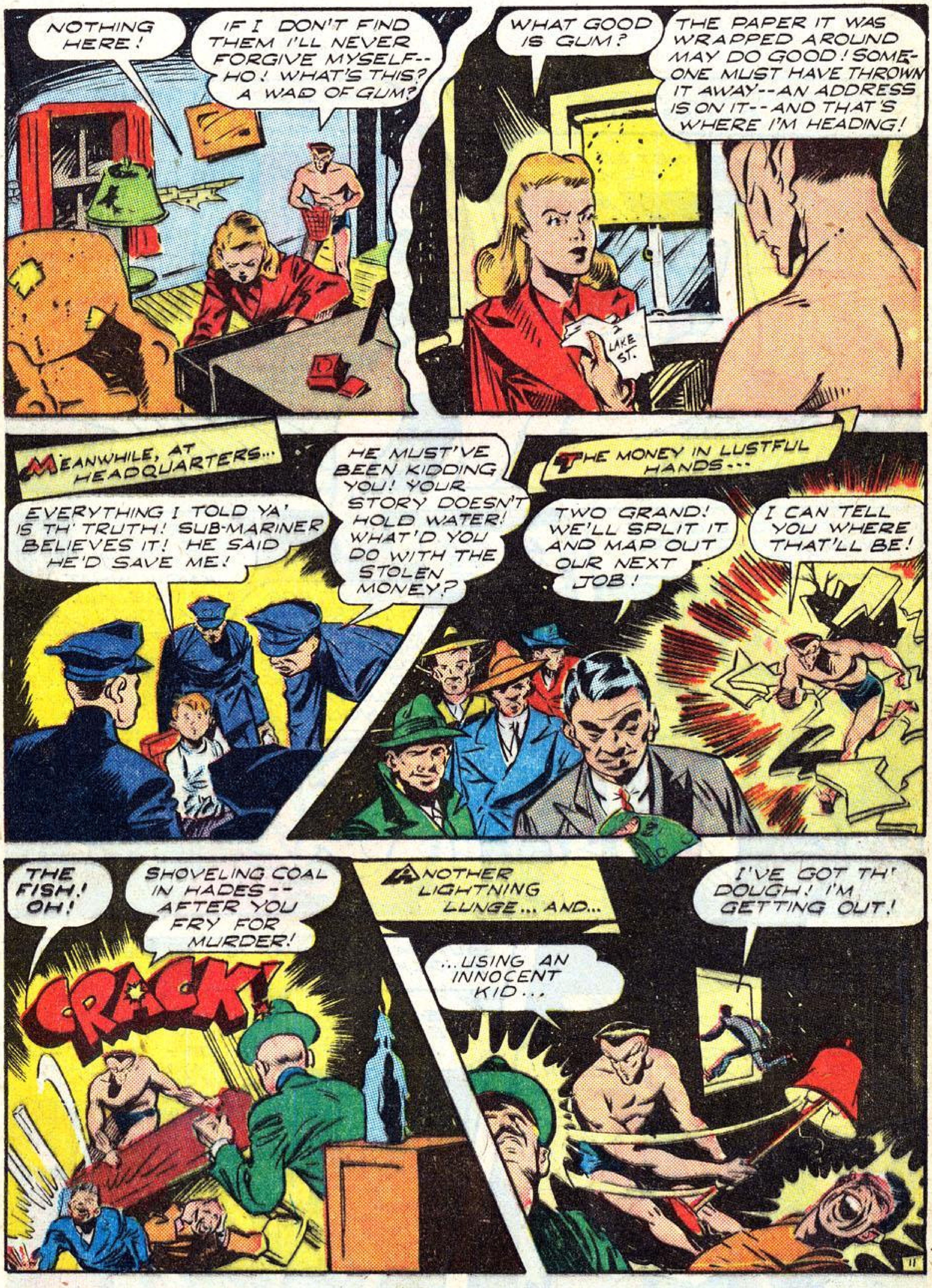

YA REALLY SUB-MARINER? YA REALLY HIM?
GO ON! BETCHA HE AIN'T!
SURE I AM! AND I'VE GOT TO HAVE THE HELP OF YOU FELLOWS! IT'S IMPORTANT!
SO! DAT'S IT! YER MAKIN' BELIEVE YER SUB-MARINER, TO WOIM INFORMATION OUTA US!
YEAH! DAT'S HIS RACKET!
LOOK, KIDS! I'M REALLY SUB-MARINER! WANT ME TO SHOW YOU?
SUPPOSE I DIVE OFF THE ROOF OF THAT BUILDING AS A STARTER!
LET'S SEE YA DIVE! LET'S SEE YA!!
YEH!
WHAT A DARB OF A BACK-HAND!
WAIT! HE HASN'T HIT WATER YET!
YEAH! LET'S SEE!
HEY! HE'S BEEN DOWN TEN MINUTES ALREADY!
HOLY GEE! MAYBE HE'S DROWNED!

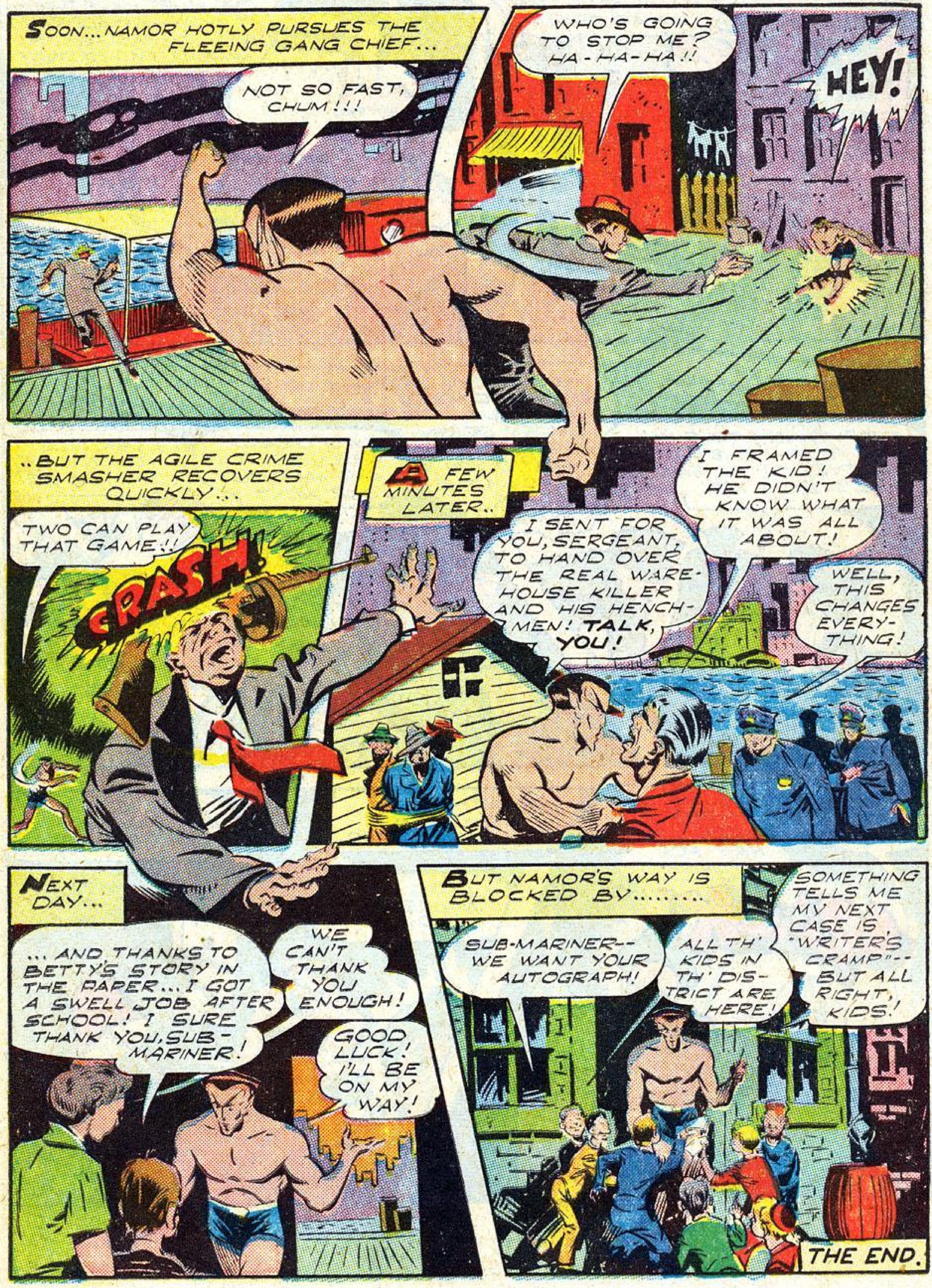

ANOTHER MINUTE...AND...
HI! FELLOWS!
WHAT A WIND RECORD! DAT'S SUB-MARINER ALL RIGHT!
AND WE HAD DA NERVE TO DOUBT HIM!
WE'LL TELL YA ANYTHING YA WANT TA KNOW! OUR CAPTAIN'S TOMMY WILKINS! HE LIVES WIT' HIS MA IN DA RED HOUSE- NO. 6...
THANKS, FELLOWS! COME ON, BETTY!
TOMMY'S OUR PAL! IF HE'S IN ANY KIND OF TROUBLE, WE SURE WANT YA TO HELP!
SUB-MARINER SURE WILL!
IN THE WILKINS HUMBLE FLAT, NAMOR QUESTIONS THE LAD...
I CAN'T TALK! I'D BE SQUEALING ON A FRIEND! WHEN MY MA WAS SICK AND COULDN'T WORK-- HE GAVE ME A JOB CLEANING HIS LAUNCH, AND PAID ME IN ADVANCE!
THE MONEY PAID OUR RENT AND BOUGHT GROCERIES, BUT TOMMY....
THAT MAN PUT YOU IN TERRIBLE TROUBLE! YOU MUST TELL...
YOU DON'T WANT TO BE SHIELDING A MURDERER!
I-I GUESS NOT, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS OR WHERE HE LIVES, HONEST!
I MET HIM AGAIN TODAY! HE TOLD ME TO CLIMB THROUGH THE SMALL WINDOW OF THE WAREHOUSE AND OPEN THE DOOR FOR HIM! HE SAID IT WAS A JOKE ON A FRIEND OF HIS--THERE--
WHAT DOES HE LOOK LIKE?

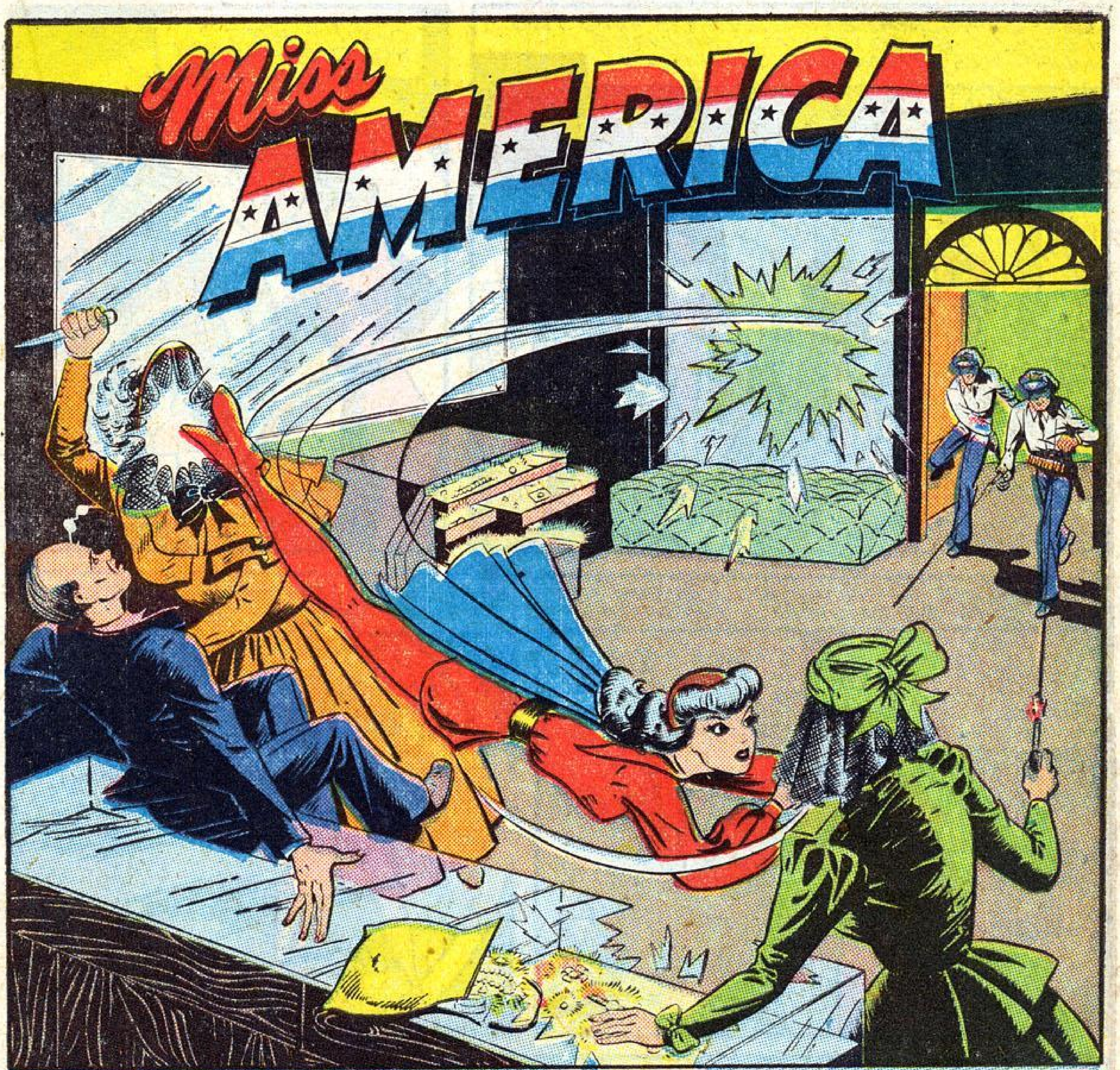

HE LOOKS LIKE ANY OTHER GUY--ONLY HE'S GOT A SCAR ON HIS FACE--HIS LEFT CHEEK--AND HE WORE A GREY SUIT!
YOU'VE GIVEN ME A LEAD!
WHAT IF THE POLICE COME FOR TOMMY?
NOT A CHANCE OF THAT. THEY HAVEN'T A CLUE, DON'T WORRY!
AND CHEER-UP, TOMMY--AND DON'T WORRY!
IN SCANT SECONDS...
GOOD LUCK, NAMOR!
TWO THINGS TO LOOK FOR--A LAUNCH AND A SCAR-FACED MAN!
AS THE SEA PRINCE SWIMS SEARCHINGLY---IN A WATERFRONT SHACK!
THERE! WITH THIS FAKE SCAR OFF, I LOOK LIKE A DIFFERENT GUY! WE'RE SET!
YEH! EVEN IF THE KID SQUEALS HE'LL BE THE SCAPE-GOAT! LOCKING THE DOOR FROM THE FRONT--FOOLED THE COPS!
CRACK
CRACK
AND SENDING OUT WHITEY, TO GET THAT SWEATER--WAS SMART TOO!! THE KID'S DONE FOR!
LET'S SCRAM NOW! STAYING HERE MAKES ME NERVOUS!
YOUR GUM CHEWING MAKES ME NERVOUS! GET RID OF THAT CUD!
O.K.! BOSS!
DON'T FORGET THE ARMOR!

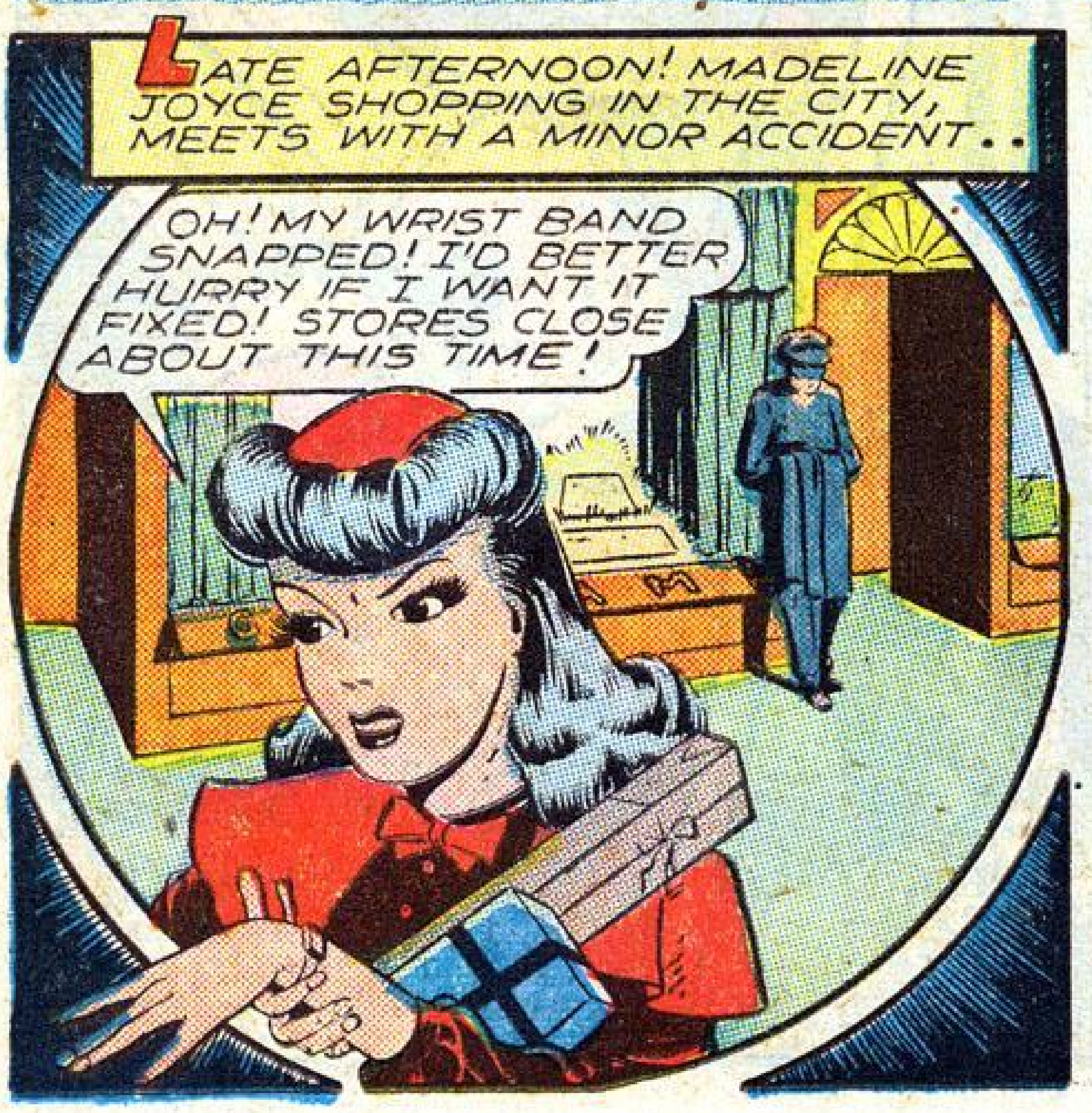

A MOMENT LATER
MMM--A LAUNCH, AND THOSE MEN HEADED TOWARDS IT---I DON'T SEE ANY SCAR-FACE--BUT THEY LOOK SUSPICIOUS!
START MOVING! FULL SPEED!!
A MACHINE GUN! NO LAW ABIDING CITIZEN CARRIES THAT!
OOPS!
SO!! WHAT'S YOUR GAME?
IF HE SEES ME, THE JIG'S UP--BUT---
THAT GETS RID OF HIM!!
SOCK!
9

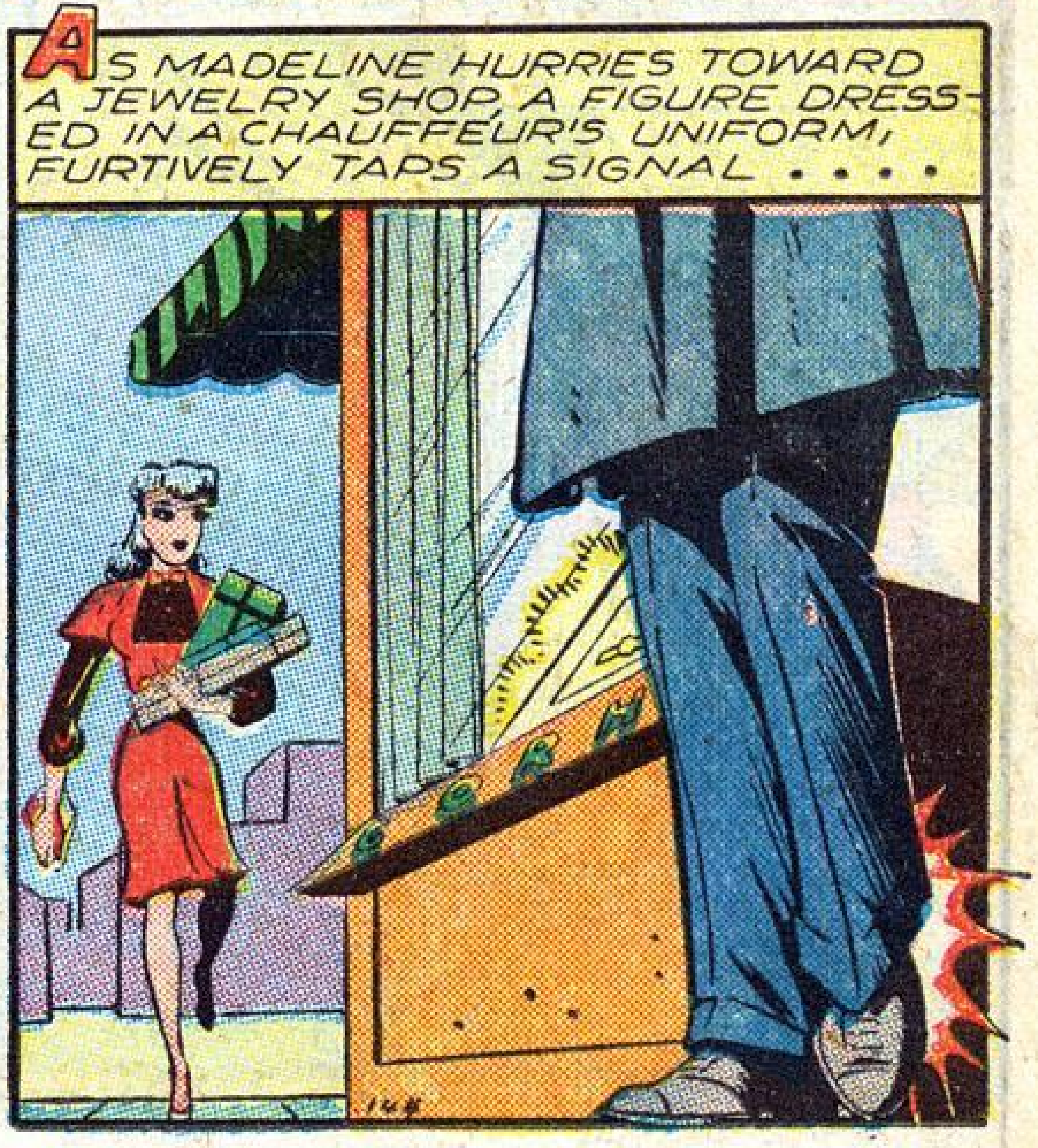

THE MIGHTY MUSCLED NAMOR PLUMMETS UNDERWATER...
UGH!! WHAT HIT ME?
BUT!
TOO LATE! THE LAUNCH HAS DISAPPEARED!
NAMOR! NAMOR!
SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENED! THE POLICE CAME AND ARRESTED TOMMY! THEY FOUND HIS SWEATER IN THE WAREHOUSE CAUGHT ON A NAIL!!
THEY MADE THE TORNADO BOYS TELL WHO OWNED IT!
SO THAT'S WHY THE THUGS WANTED THE SWEATER! THEY PLANTED IT IN THE WAREHOUSE TO PUT THE POLICE ON TOMMY'S TRAIL!
THE POLICE DON'T BELIEVE TOMMY'S STORY!
MY POOR BOY!
IT'S TOUGH ON YOU, BUT GO HOME AND STOP WORRYING! I'M GOING TO CLOSE THIS CASE SOON-- WE'LL HAVE TOMMY OUT!
OH! SUB-MARINER, BLESS YOU!
SUB-MARINER! YOU'RE ON TO THEM? THAT'S GRAND!
NO, BETTY! I SPOTTED A GANG AND THEY GOT AWAY.... I HAD TO TELL HER SOMETHING!! THEY CAME OUT OF THIS SHACK! LET'S LOOK AROUND!
FISH
10

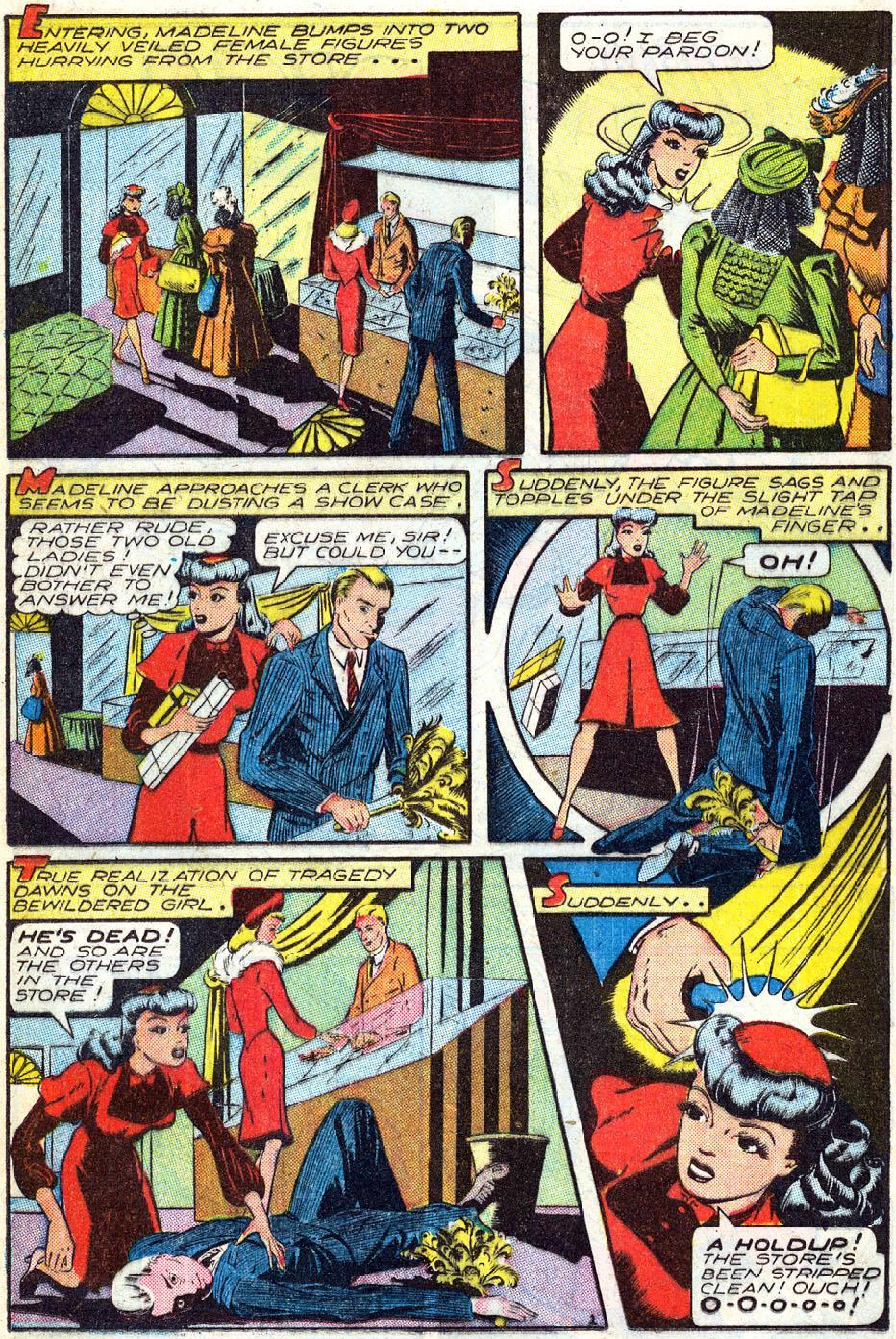

NOTHING HERE!
IF I DON'T FIND THEM I'LL NEVER FORGIVE MYSELF-- HO! WHAT'S THIS? A WAD OF GUM?
WHAT GOOD IS GUM?
THE PAPER IT WAS WRAPPED AROUND MAY DO GOOD! SOMEONE MUST HAVE THROWN IT AWAY--AN ADDRESS IS ON IT--AND THAT'S WHERE I'M HEADING!
2 LAKE ST.
MEANWHILE, AT HEADQUARTERS...
EVERYTHING I TOLD YA' IS TH' TRUTH! SUB-MARINER BELIEVES IT! HE SAID HE'D SAVE ME!
HE MUST'VE BEEN KIDDING YOU! YOUR STORY DOESN'T HOLD WATER! WHAT'D YOU DO WITH THE STOLEN MONEY?
THE MONEY IN LUSTFUL HANDS...
TWO GRAND! WE'LL SPLIT IT AND MAP OUT OUR NEXT JOB!
I CAN TELL YOU WHERE THAT'LL BE!
THE FISH! OH!
SHOVELING COAL IN HADES--AFTER YOU FRY FOR MURDER!
CRACK!
ANOTHER LIGHTNING LUNGE... AND...
...USING AN INNOCENT KID...
I'VE GOT TH' DOUGH! I'M GETTING OUT!

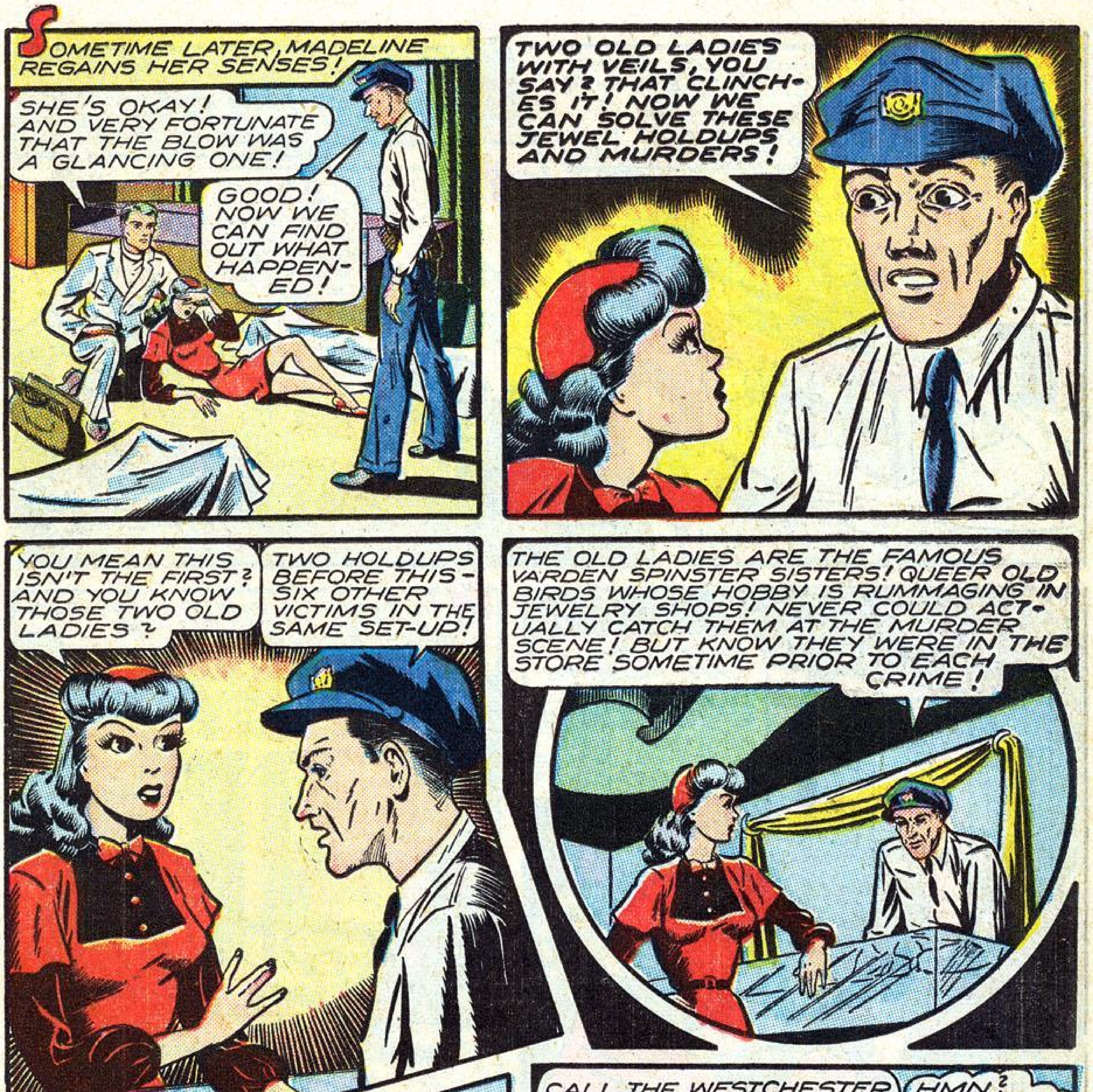

SOON... NAMOR HOTLY PURSUES THE FLEEING GANG CHIEF...
NOT SO FAST, CHUM!!!
WHO'S GOING TO STOP ME? HA-HA-HA!!
HEY!
..BUT THE AGILE CRIME SMASHER RECOVERS QUICKLY..
TWO CAN PLAY THAT GAME!!
CRASH!
A FEW MINUTES LATER..
I SENT FOR YOU, SERGEANT, TO HAND OVER THE REAL WAREHOUSE KILLER AND HIS HENCHMEN! TALK, YOU!
I FRAMED THE KID! HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT IT WAS ALL ABOUT!
WELL, THIS CHANGES EVERYTHING!
NEXT DAY...
... AND THANKS TO BETTY'S STORY IN THE PAPER... I GOT A SWELL JOB AFTER SCHOOL! I SURE THANK YOU, SUB-MARINER!
WE CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH!
GOOD LUCK! I'LL BE ON MY WAY!
BUT NAMOR'S WAY IS BLOCKED BY........
SUB-MARINER-- WE WANT YOUR AUTOGRAPH!
ALL TH' KIDS IN TH' DISTRICT ARE HERE!
SOMETHING TELLS ME MY NEXT CASE IS "WRITER'S CRAMP"-- BUT ALL RIGHT, KIDS!
THE END.

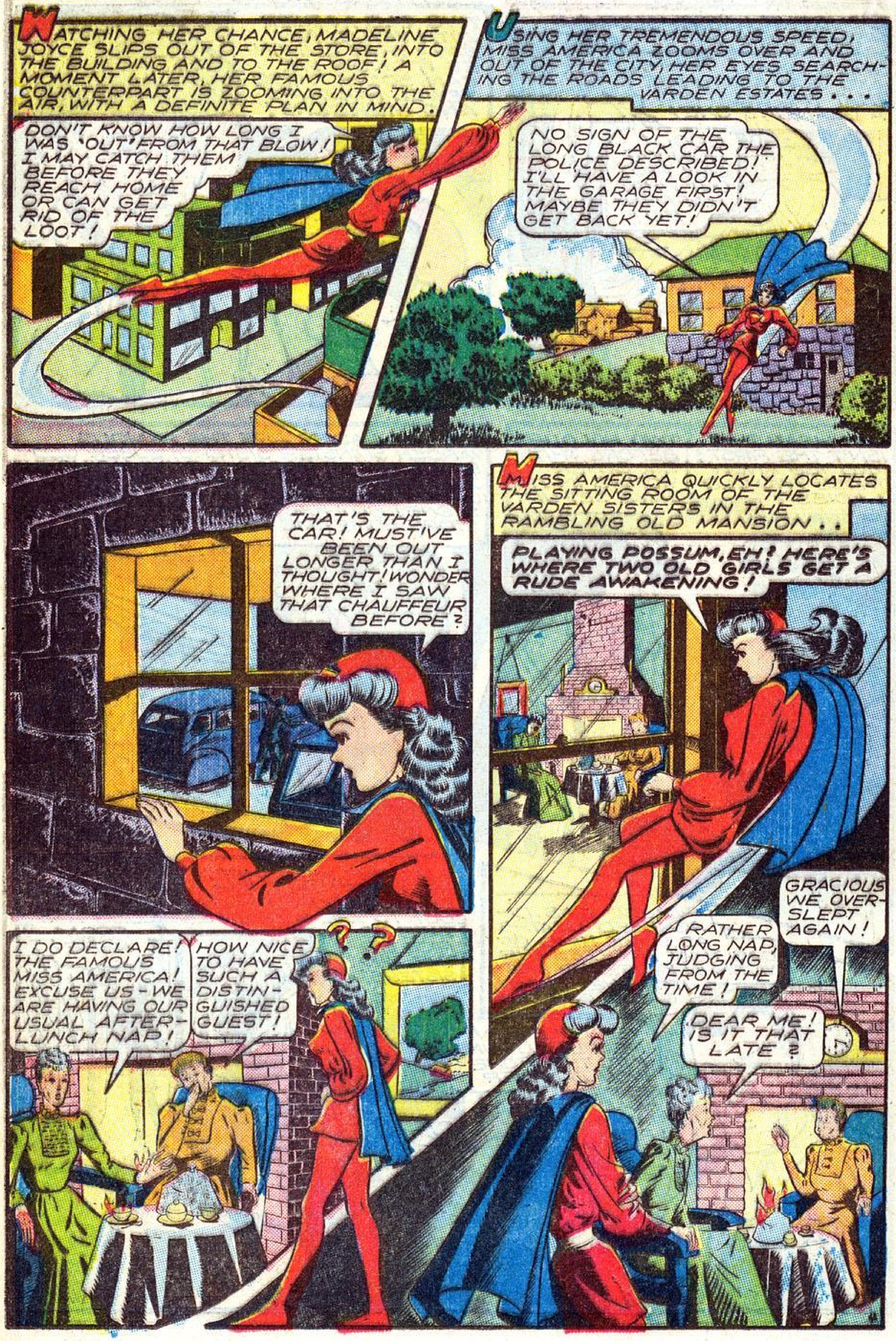

Miss
AMERICA

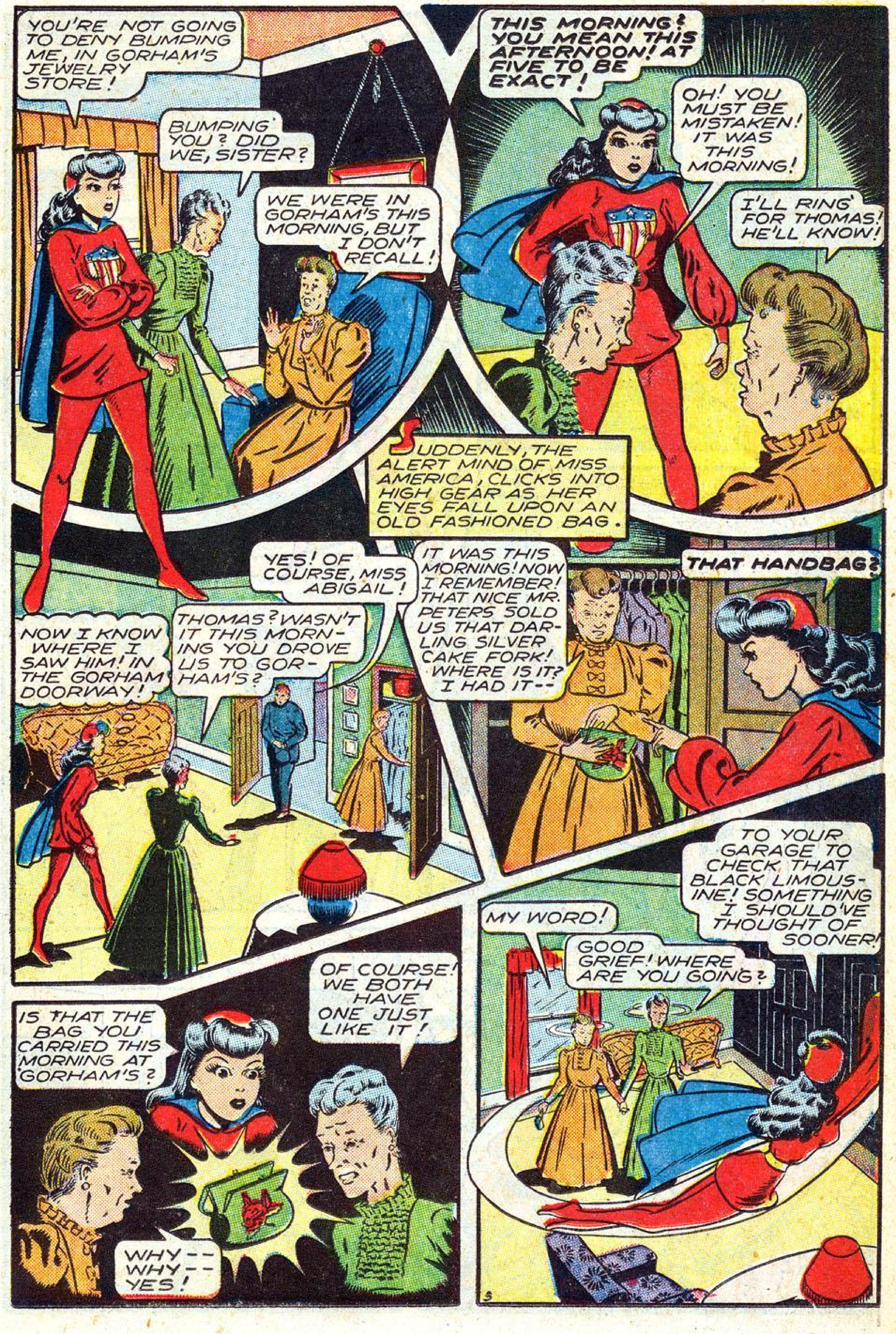

LATE AFTERNOON! MADELINE JOYCE SHOPPING IN THE CITY, MEETS WITH A MINOR ACCIDENT..
OH! MY WRIST BAND SNAPPED! I'D BETTER HURRY IF I WANT IT FIXED! STORES CLOSE ABOUT THIS TIME!

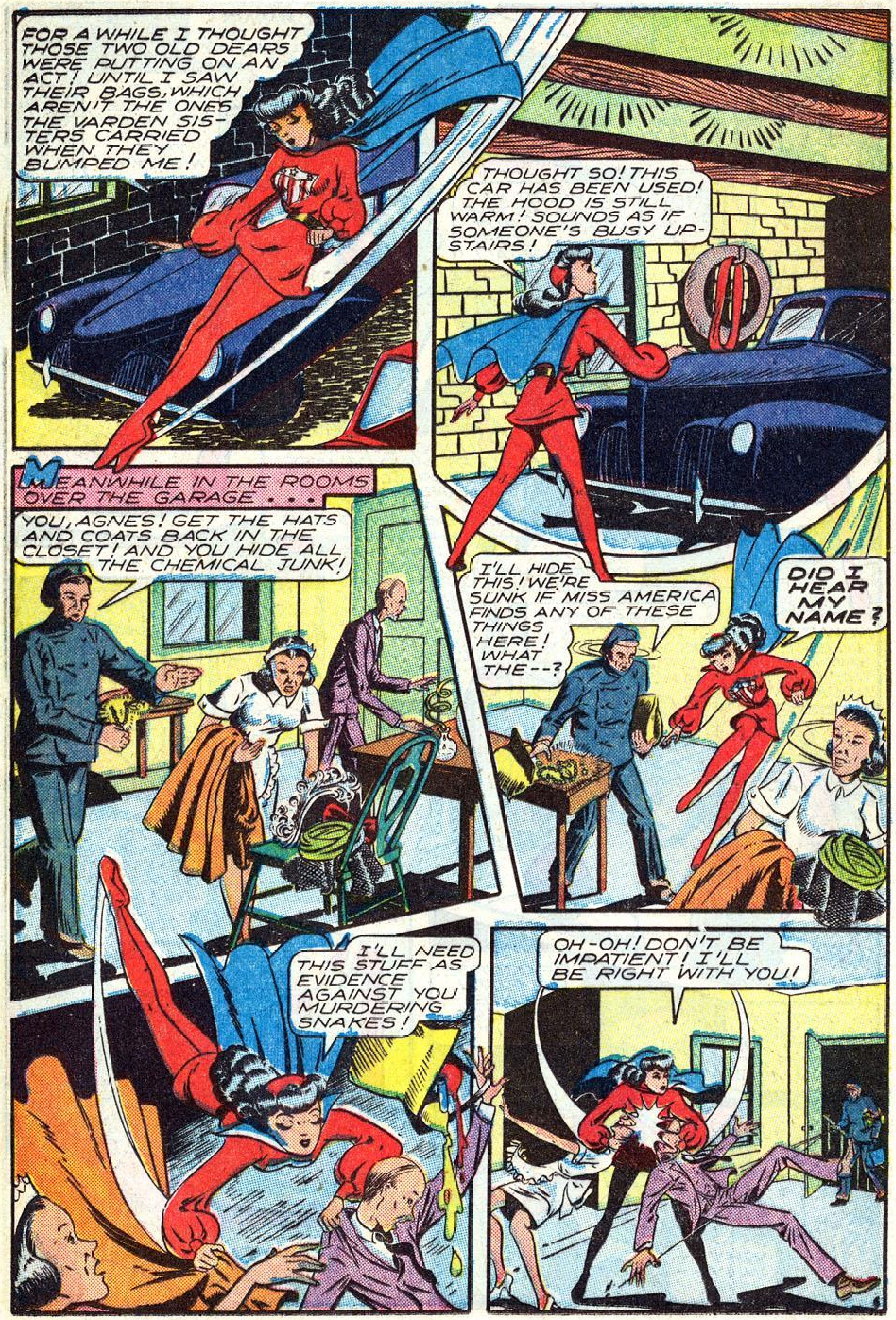

AS MADELINE HURRIES TOWARD A JEWELRY SHOP A FIGURE DRESSED IN A CHAUFFEUR'S UNIFORM, FURTIVELY TAPS A SIGNAL . . .
148

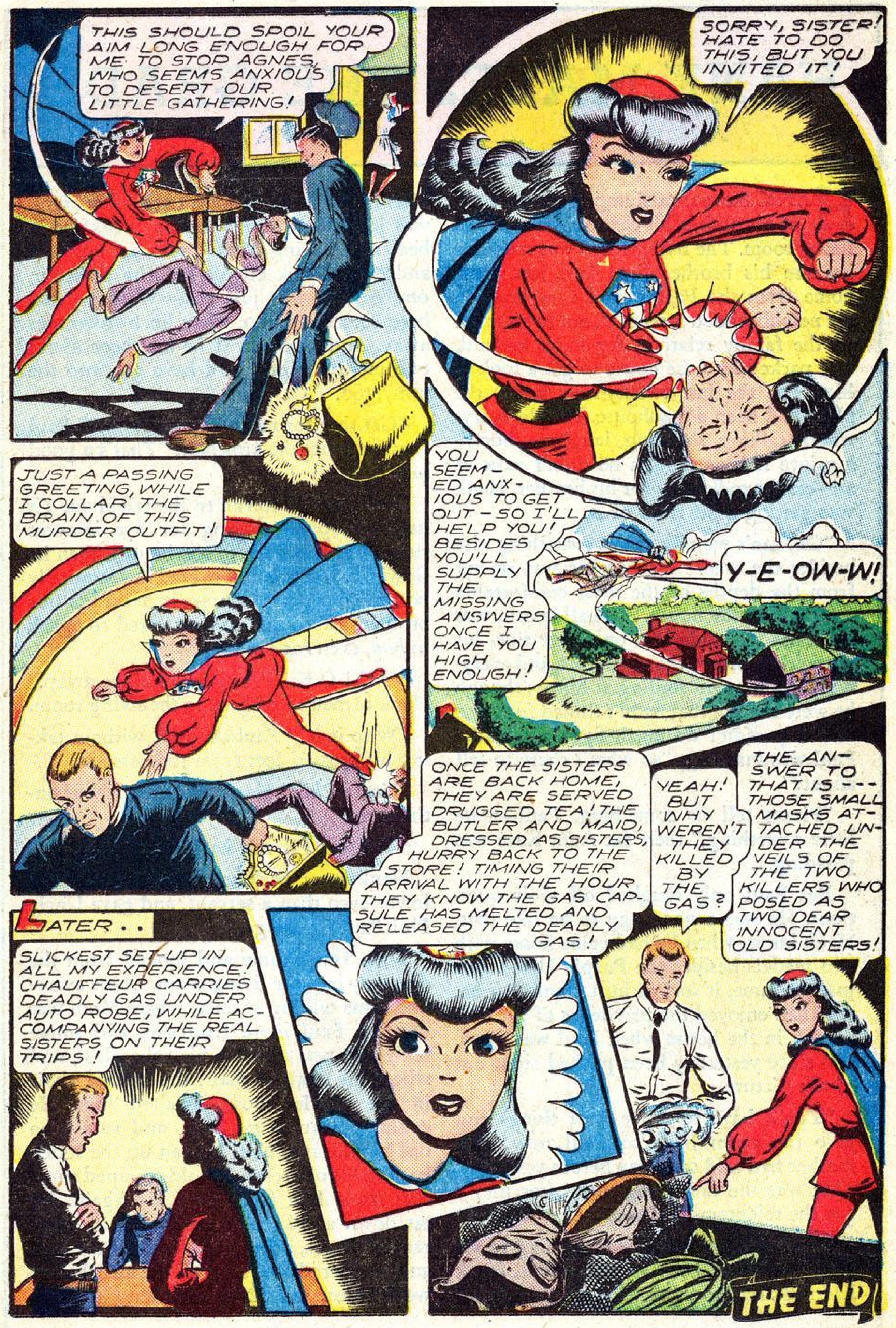

ENTERING, MADELINE BUMPS INTO TWO HEAVILY VEILED FEMALE FIGURES HURRYING FROM THE STORE . . .
O-O! I BEG YOUR PARDON!
MADELINE APPROACHES A CLERK WHO SEEMS TO BE DUSTING A SHOW CASE.
RATHER RUDE, THOSE TWO OLD LADIES! DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO ANSWER ME!
EXCUSE ME, SIR! BUT COULD YOU--
SUDDENLY, THE FIGURE SAGS AND TOPPLES UNDER THE SLIGHT TAP OF MADELINE'S FINGER . .
OH!
TRUE REALIZATION OF TRAGEDY DAWNS ON THE BEWILDERED GIRL.
HE'S DEAD! AND SO ARE THE OTHERS IN THE STORE!
SUDDENLY . .
A HOLDUP! THE STORE'S BEEN STRIPPED CLEAN! OUCH! O-O-O-O-O!


SOMETIME LATER, MADELINE REGAINS HER SENSES!
SHE'S OKAY! AND VERY FORTUNATE THAT THE BLOW WAS A GLANCING ONE!
GOOD! NOW WE CAN FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED!
TWO OLD LADIES WITH VEILS, YOU SAY? THAT CLINCHES IT! NOW WE CAN SOLVE THESE JEWEL HOLDUPS AND MURDERS!
YOU MEAN THIS ISN'T THE FIRST? AND YOU KNOW THOSE TWO OLD LADIES?
TWO HOLDUPS BEFORE THIS-SIX OTHER VICTIMS IN THE SAME SET-UP!
THE OLD LADIES ARE THE FAMOUS VARDEN SPINSTER SISTERS! QUEER OLD BIRDS WHOSE HOBBY IS RUMMAGING IN JEWELRY SHOPS! NEVER COULD ACTUALLY CATCH THEM AT THE MURDER SCENE! BUT KNOW THEY WERE IN THE STORE SOMETIME PRIOR TO EACH CRIME!
POLICE LAB DIAGNOSED DEATHS AS SOME KIND OF GAS THAT FREEZES THE VICTIM IN WHATEVER POSITION HE IS WHEN GAS IS INHALED!
VERY CLEVER! PEOPLE LOOKING INTO THE STORE WOULD NEVER DREAM A HOLD-UP WAS IN PROGRESS!
CALL THE WESTCHESTER PRECINCT! TELL 'EM TO SEND A COUPLA MEN OUT TO THE VARDEN ESTATE TO PICK UP THE TWO SISTERS!
HMN? WESTCHESTER IS A LONG WAY FROM HERE!


WATCHING HER CHANCE, MADELINE JOYCE SLIPS OUT OF THE STORE, INTO THE BUILDING AND TO THE ROOF! A MOMENT LATER, HER FAMOUS COUNTERPART IS ZOOMING INTO THE AIR, WITH A DEFINITE PLAN IN MIND.
DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I WAS 'OUT' FROM THAT BLOW! I MAY CATCH THEM BEFORE THEY REACH HOME OR CAN GET RID OF THE LOOT!
USING HER TREMENDOUS SPEED, MISS AMERICA ZOOMS OVER AND OUT OF THE CITY, HER EYES SEARCHING THE ROADS LEADING TO THE VARDEN ESTATES...
NO SIGN OF THE LONG BLACK CAR THE POLICE DESCRIBED! I'LL HAVE A LOOK IN THE GARAGE FIRST! MAYBE THEY DIDN'T GET BACK YET!
THAT'S THE CAR! MUST'VE BEEN OUT LONGER THAN I THOUGHT! WONDER WHERE I SAW THAT CHAUFFEUR BEFORE?
MISS AMERICA QUICKLY LOCATES THE SITTING ROOM OF THE VARDEN SISTERS IN THE RAMBLING OLD MANSION..
PLAYING POSSUM, EH! HERE'S WHERE TWO OLD GIRLS GET A RUDE AWAKENING!
I DO DECLARE! THE FAMOUS MISS AMERICA! EXCUSE US - WE ARE HAVING OUR USUAL AFTER-LUNCH NAP!
HOW NICE TO HAVE SUCH A DISTINGUISHED GUEST!
? ?
RATHER LONG NAP, JUDGING FROM THE TIME!
GRACIOUS WE OVERSLEPT AGAIN!
DEAR ME! IS IT THAT LATE?


YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DENY BUMPING ME, IN GORHAM'S JEWELRY STORE!
BUMPING YOU? DID WE, SISTER?
WE WERE IN GORHAM'S THIS MORNING, BUT I DON'T RECALL!
THIS MORNING? YOU MEAN THIS AFTERNOON! AT FIVE TO BE EXACT!
OH! YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN! IT WAS THIS MORNING!
I'LL RING FOR THOMAS! HE'LL KNOW!
SUDDENLY, THE ALERT MIND OF MISS AMERICA, CLICKS INTO HIGH GEAR AS HER EYES FALL UPON AN OLD FASHIONED BAG.
NOW I KNOW WHERE I SAW HIM! IN THE GORHAM DOORWAY!
THOMAS? WASN'T IT THIS MORNING YOU DROVE US TO GORHAM'S?
YES! OF COURSE, MISS ABIGAIL!
IT WAS THIS MORNING! NOW I REMEMBER! THAT NICE MR. PETERS SOLD US THAT DARLING SILVER CAKE FORK! WHERE IS IT? I HAD IT--
THAT HANDBAG?
IS THAT THE BAG YOU CARRIED THIS MORNING AT GORHAM'S?
WHY-- WHY-- YES!
OF COURSE! WE BOTH HAVE ONE JUST LIKE IT!
MY WORD!
GOOD GRIEF! WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
TO YOUR GARAGE TO CHECK THAT BLACK LIMOUSINE! SOMETHING I SHOULD'VE THOUGHT OF SOONER!


FOR A WHILE I THOUGHT THOSE TWO OLD DEARS WERE PUTTING ON AN ACT! UNTIL I SAW THEIR BAGS, WHICH AREN'T THE ONES THE VARDEN SISTERS CARRIED WHEN THEY BUMPED ME!
THOUGHT SO! THIS CAR HAS BEEN USED! THE HOOD IS STILL WARM! SOUNDS AS IF SOMEONE'S BUSY UPSTAIRS!
MEANWHILE IN THE ROOMS OVER THE GARAGE . . .
YOU, AGNES! GET THE HATS AND COATS BACK IN THE CLOSET! AND YOU HIDE ALL THE CHEMICAL JUNK!
I'LL HIDE THIS! WE'RE SUNK IF MISS AMERICA FINDS ANY OF THESE THINGS HERE! WHAT THE--?
DID I HEAR MY NAME?
I'LL NEED THIS STUFF AS EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU MURDERING SNAKES!
OH-OH! DON'T BE IMPATIENT! I'LL BE RIGHT WITH YOU!


THIS SHOULD SPOIL YOUR AIM LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO STOP AGNES, WHO SEEMS ANXIOUS TO DESERT OUR LITTLE GATHERING!
SORRY, SISTER! HATE TO DO THIS, BUT YOU INVITED IT!
JUST A PASSING GREETING, WHILE I COLLAR THE BRAIN OF THIS MURDER OUTFIT!
YOU SEEMED ANXIOUS TO GET OUT - SO I'LL HELP YOU! BESIDES YOU'LL SUPPLY THE MISSING ANSWERS ONCE I HAVE YOU HIGH ENOUGH!
Y-E-OW-W!
LATER..
SLICKEST SET-UP IN ALL MY EXPERIENCE! CHAUFFEUR CARRIES DEADLY GAS UNDER AUTO ROBE, WHILE ACCOMPANYING THE REAL SISTERS ON THEIR TRIPS!
ONCE THE SISTERS ARE BACK HOME, THEY ARE SERVED DRUGGED TEA! THE BUTLER AND MAID, DRESSED AS SISTERS, HURRY BACK TO THE STORE! TIMING THEIR ARRIVAL WITH THE HOUR THEY KNOW THE GAS CAPSULE HAS MELTED AND RELEASED THE DEADLY GAS!
YEAH! BUT WHY WEREN'T THEY KILLED BY THE GAS?
THE ANSWER TO THAT IS --- THOSE SMALL MASKS ATTACHED UNDER THE VEILS OF THE TWO KILLERS WHO POSED AS TWO DEAR INNOCENT OLD SISTERS!
THE END

HANK MAKES THE GRADE

HANK Stevenson slumped on the back of his neck in his chair in the crowded living room. The living room was crowded because his brother Paul had just come home from the Pacific, and everybody in the neighborhood it seemed, not to mention all the family relatives for miles around, had packed into the house to get a look at him. For the last twenty-four hours the place had been a madhouse. People everywhere, talking, shouting, laughing, bumping into him as though he didn't exist at all—except to flunkey for his brother. Hank was getting a bit tired of it.

"Oh, can't we talk about something else besides the war?" his brother was saying from the depths of the most comfortable armchair in the house. A small cousin was squeezed in beside him on either side, his best girl on one of the chairarms, and everybody in the room smiling at him as though he were the sun that hadn't shined for days. "I really didn't do much fighting at all," Paul was insisting. "so what's there to tell about?"

"Please tell us something, Paul—*some* little something," their fat Aunt Kate was pleading.

But Paul only laughed off their questions. He was a good egg to be like that, Hank knew, when he had come home with two medals besides the Purple Heart. But just the same, it sort of hurt Hank that he, who had enjoyed the privileges of the oldest son in the house when Paul was away, had since yesterday been pushed right out of the picture.

"You'll have to move your things and give the room back to Paul now," his mother had said only day before yesterday. That was the first thing, just after they'd got the telegram Paul was on his way.

Of course, knowing he was going to see Paul again had been so wonderful, Hank hadn't started to think what would happen after he *got* home. It wasn't at all that Hank was jealous of Paul's having breakfast in bed, and having Mom press his uniform and try to cook all his favorite dishes in one day. It was just that—Well, he had been somebody, too, when his brother was away. And after all, if he had been about two months older, he'd have got into the army, too.

"Get that for me, will you, Hank?" Paul shouted from the armchair. "That's a good kid."

Hank started to run to the telephone (it hadn't stopped ringing for five minutes since Paul had been in the house), then he slowed himself and answered in a studiedly bored voice. Of course it was for his brother. Of course nobody cared to speak to *him*, even for a minute.

"O.K.! O.K.! I'll call him right away!" Hank turned to go back to the living room.

"Who is it?" Paul shouted, without taking his crossed feet from the hassock.

"Uncle Phil," Hank replied without enthusiasm.

"Tell 'im I'll call back later."

Hank went back to the phone, feeling lower even than a servant, and gave Uncle Phil Paul's message.

Then Hank came and looked from the doorway into the living room, where everybody was talking at once, where Mom was offering Paul more fruitcake, and somebody else was refilling his coke glass, and where his straight chair, the hardest chair in the whole house, awaited him. He couldn't bear to go back, and surely no one would miss *him!* He ran up the stairs, back to his old room, his old cramped room that made him feel like a kid again. He sat down amid the disorder of still unarranged books, shirts and shoes, on the bed, and wondered how soon all the hullaballoo would blow over. Not until long after tomorrow anyway, because tomorrow the family was throwing a big picnic for Paul out at Mountain Lake, and still more relatives would arrive!

"Oh, rats!" Hank sighed.

* * *

Nobody seemed to notice when Prissy, one of the little cousins, disappeared from the group around the picnic fire and rambled off in the direction of the lake. Hank happened to notice, because – well, he wasn't having such a good time, since even Marjorie Gregg, who was in a way sort of his girl, was crowding with the others around Paul.

"Where you going, little one?" Hank had called to Prissy.

"'Round by the lake," Prissy had called back, and with a six-year-old's sublime independence, had sauntered off with a small sailboat clutched in one hand.

But fifteen minutes later, her mother missed her. "I *know* she wouldn't run away!" her mother exclaimed, with the first hint of panic in her voice. "Prissy! – Pris – sy!"

Everybody listened, but there was no answer.

"Maybe she crawled in one of the cars," Hank's father suggested.

"Let's see if she's there, Hank," Paul said, getting up from the rustic bench with a glance at his razor-sharp creases to see if they had been damaged.

Hank started walking toward the lake. "Hey, Sambo!" he called to Prissy's little brother. "Run see if your sister's in one of the cars."

Hank wasn't noticed as he loped off from the picnic grounds and started to circle the little cove in the lake. He called "Prissy! – Prissy!" as he ran, but there was no response.

He had reached the other side of the cove, had started to climb the hill that overhung the lake, before he saw Prissy. She was in the lake, clinging for dear life to what looked like a couple of tied-together logs from a raft. Hank stopped and stared.

"Prissy!"

"Hank!" Her voice was weak with terror. She had really been too scared to yell before she saw someone.

"Hold it, Prissy!" Hank called excitedly. "I'll come and get you!"

Hank didn't know what to do at first. He couldn't get anywhere near her if he went down the hill again. There was nothing to do but *dive,* and try to tow her in.

"There she is!" a girl's distant voice said.

Across the cove, Hank saw Marjorie pointing to Prissy, and a half dozen people, his brother among them, running up beside her. "Hank, she's drifting toward the dam!"

Prissy knew it. "Help me!" she shouted in a tiny voice. "Help me!"

Hank tore off his sweater and kicked his shoes from his feet. He wasn't even sure there weren't rocks down below, but he took a running jump off the cliff, head down. Even in the thrilling, sickening moment as he dropped, he heard a collective and admiring gasp from the knot of people on the opposite shore. He didn't land very quietly, but a half dozezn strokes brought him to Prissy's logs. He seized one of the ropes and started kicking like a frog back toward shore.

"Gosh, Hank, you're O.K.!" Paul said, punching him familiarly on his bare muscular shoulder. "You got what it takes!"

"Foolish boy!" his mother said, shaking her head. "You might have *killed* yourself!" But there was a touch of pride in her voice.

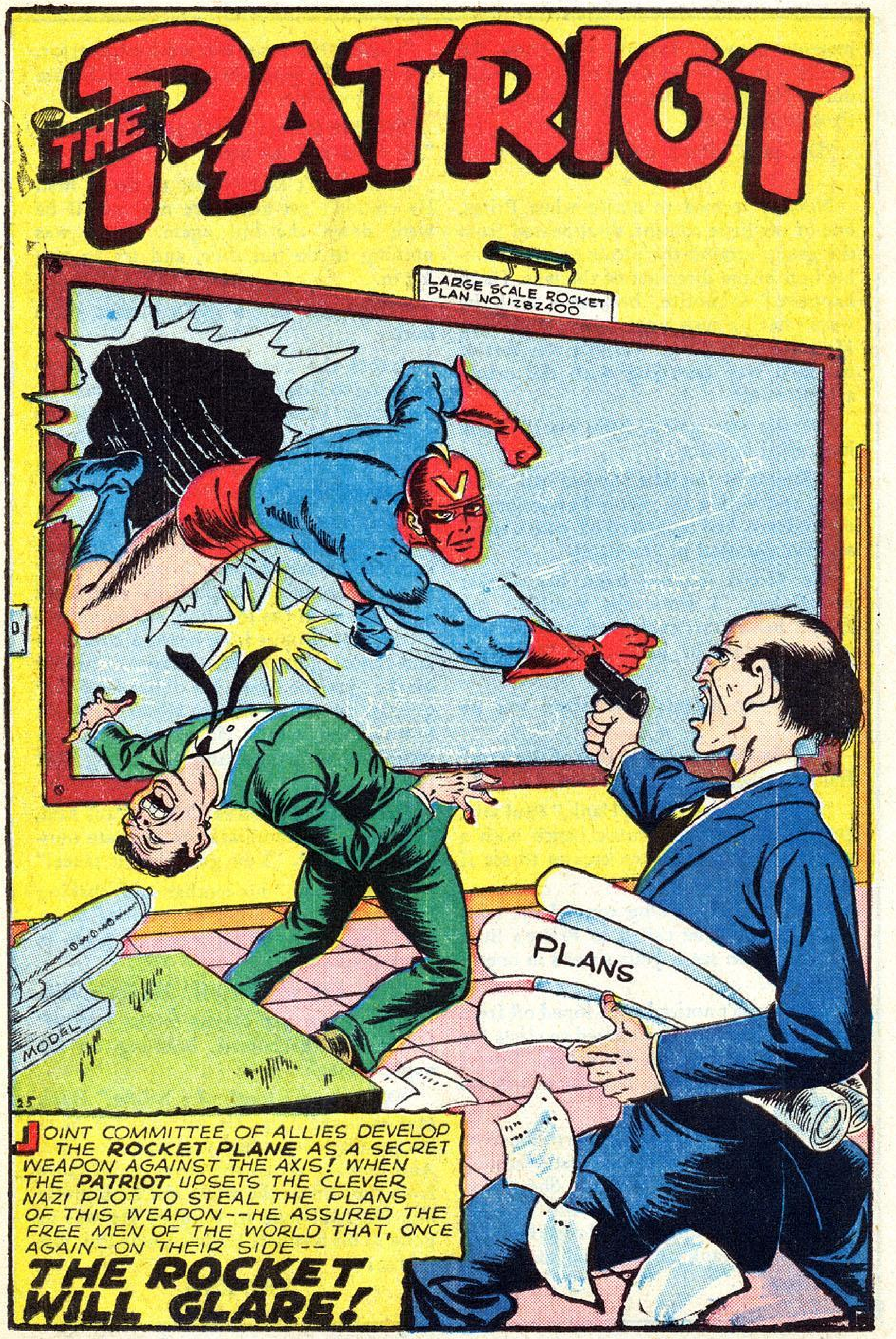
"That was wonderful!" Marjorie said.

"We've got *two* heroes in the family!" Uncle Phil exclaimed, beaming on his nephew Hank.

"Oh, it wasn't much of a height," Hank said disparagingly. He bit into the hamburger his mother had just made for him. And looking across the cove, the distance from the cliff to the water *did* look pretty big. He had done it, though! He was as good as his brother! Hadn't Uncle Phil just said so?

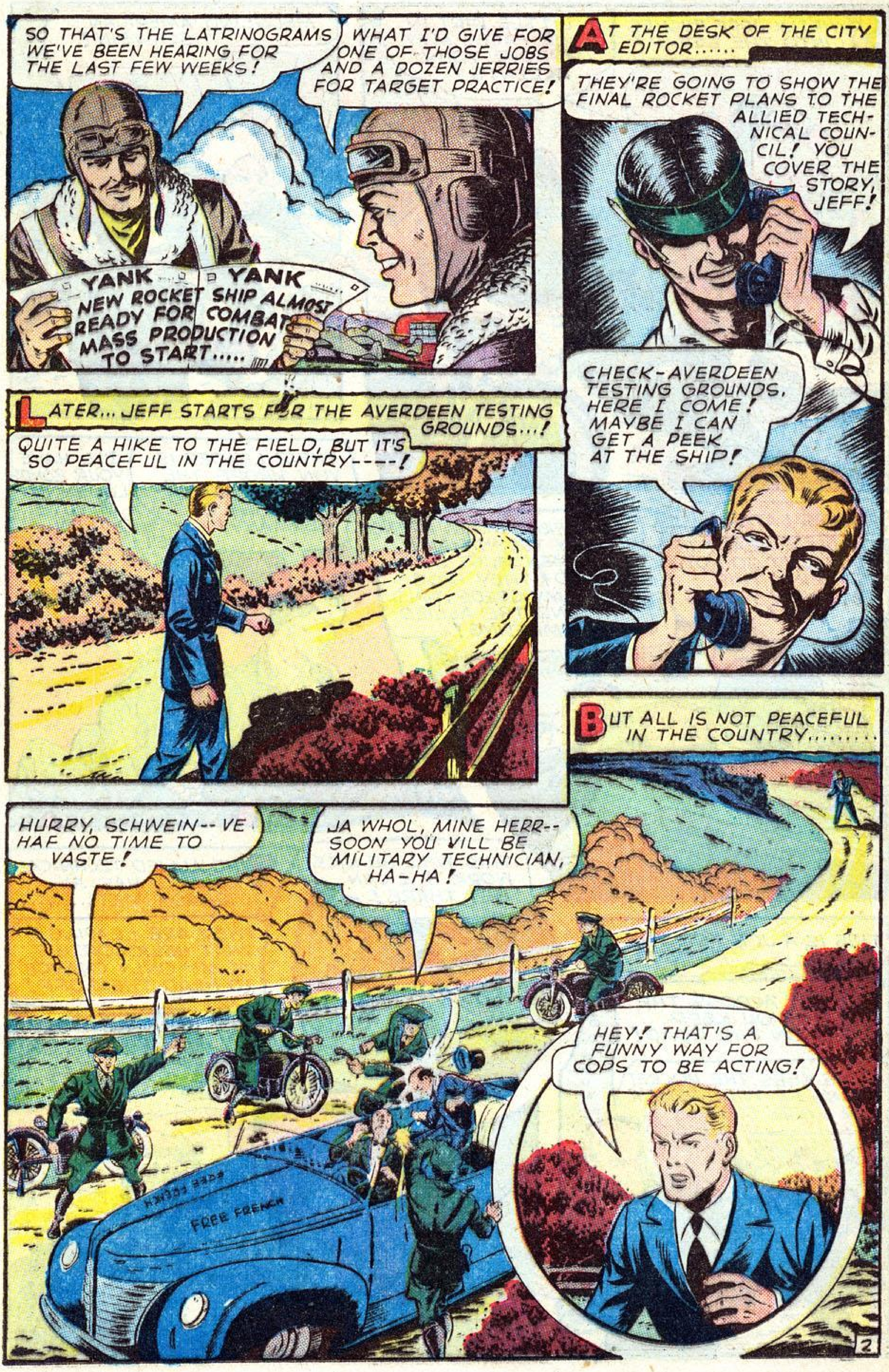
THE END

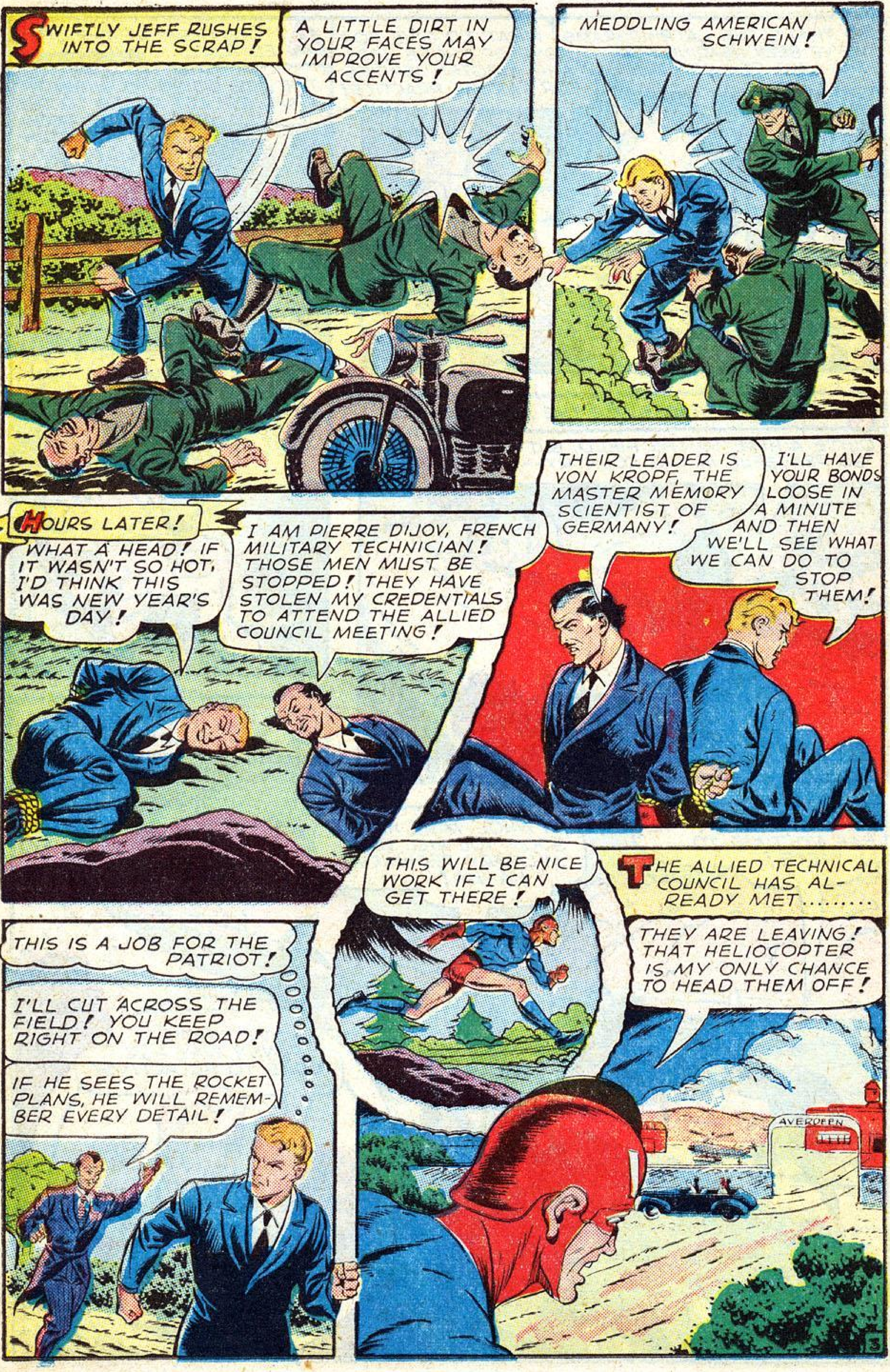
THE PATRIOT

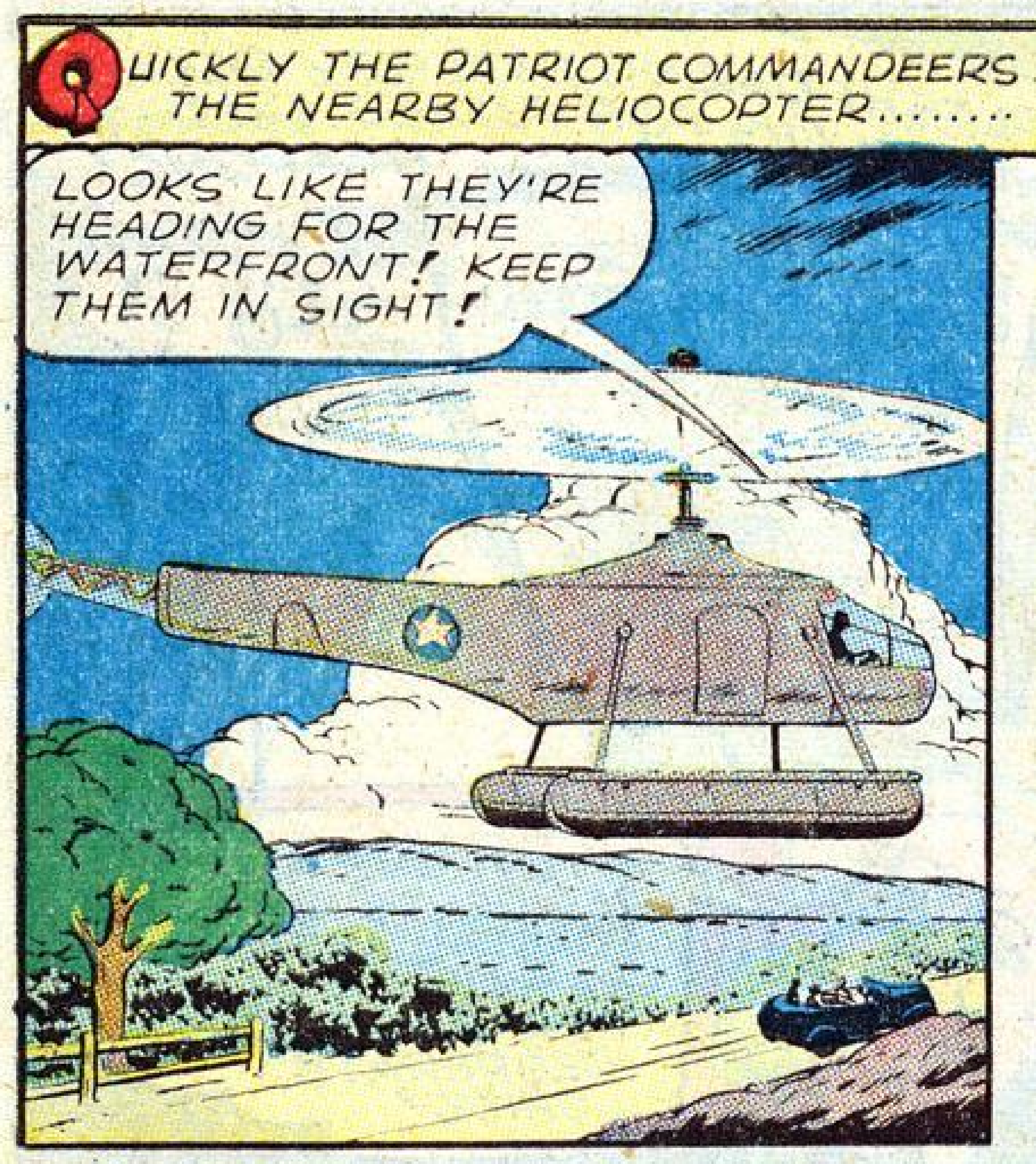

LARGE SCALE ROCKET PLAN NO.1282400
PLANS
MODEL

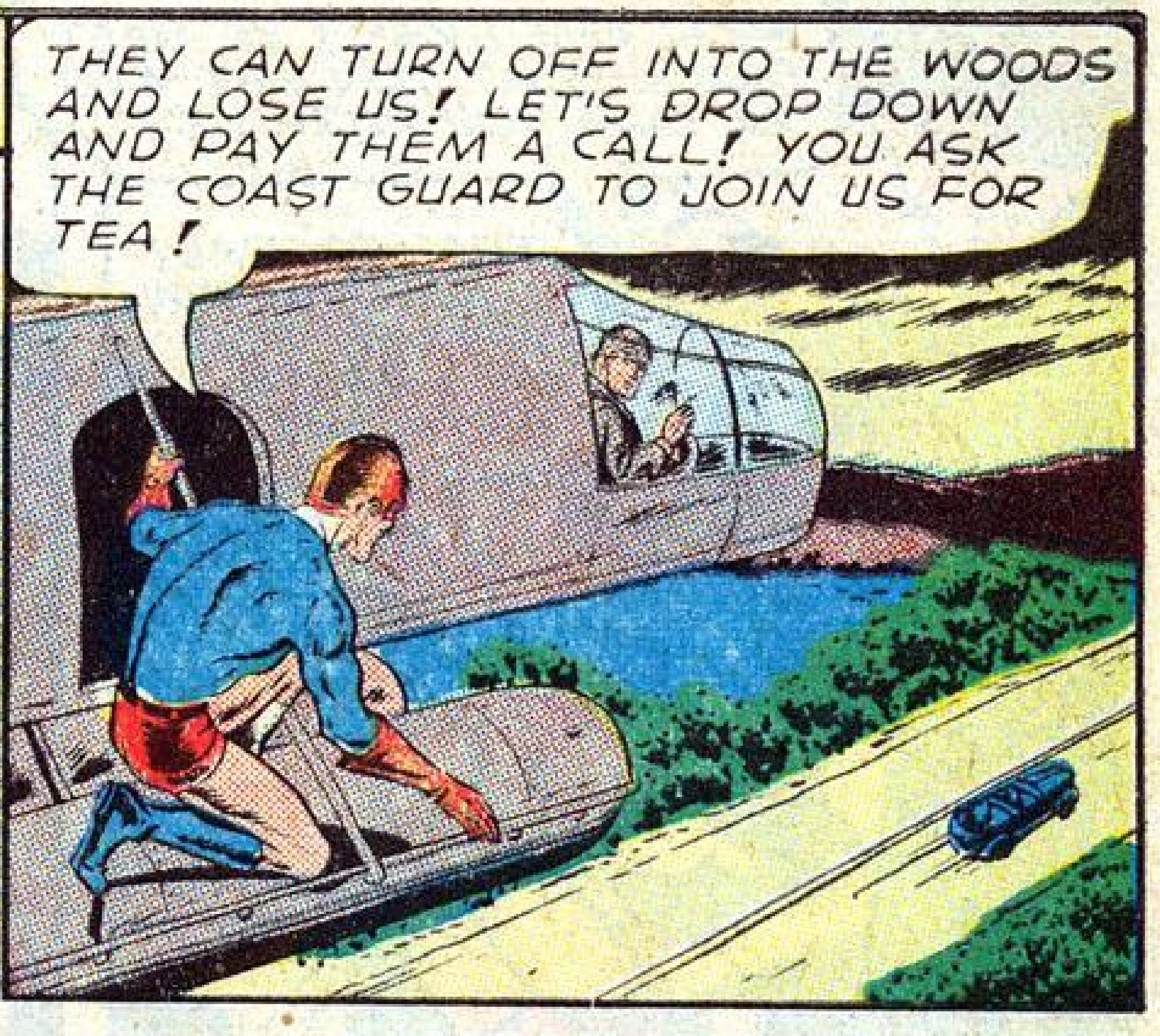
JOINT COMMITTEE OF ALLIES DEVELOP THE **ROCKET PLANE** AS A SECRET WEAPON AGAINST THE AXIS! WHEN THE **PATRIOT** UPSETS THE CLEVER NAZI PLOT TO STEAL THE PLANS OF THIS WEAPON--HE ASSURED THE FREE MEN OF THE WORLD THAT, ONCE AGAIN-ON THEIR SIDE--

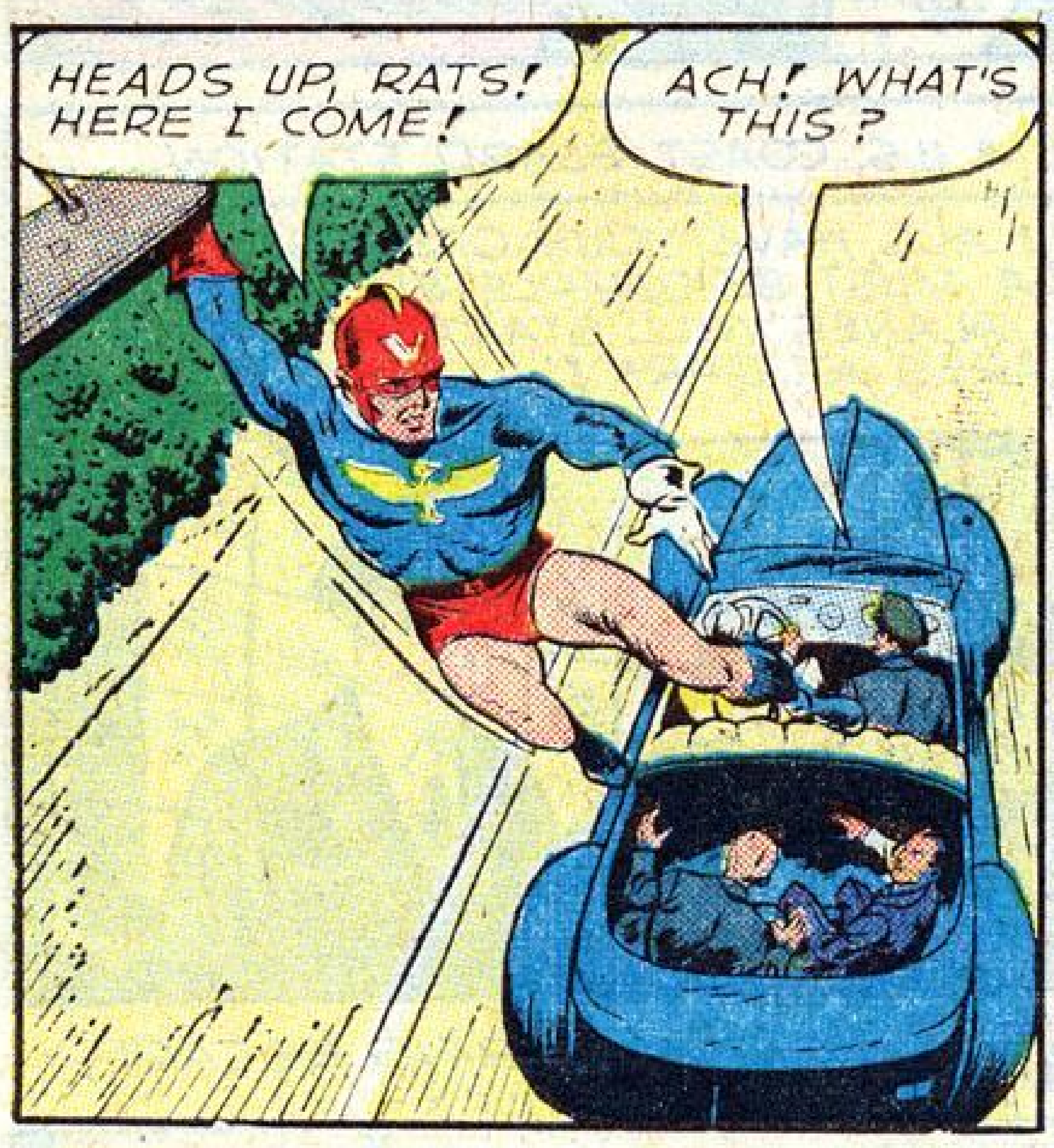
THE ROCKET WILL GLARE!

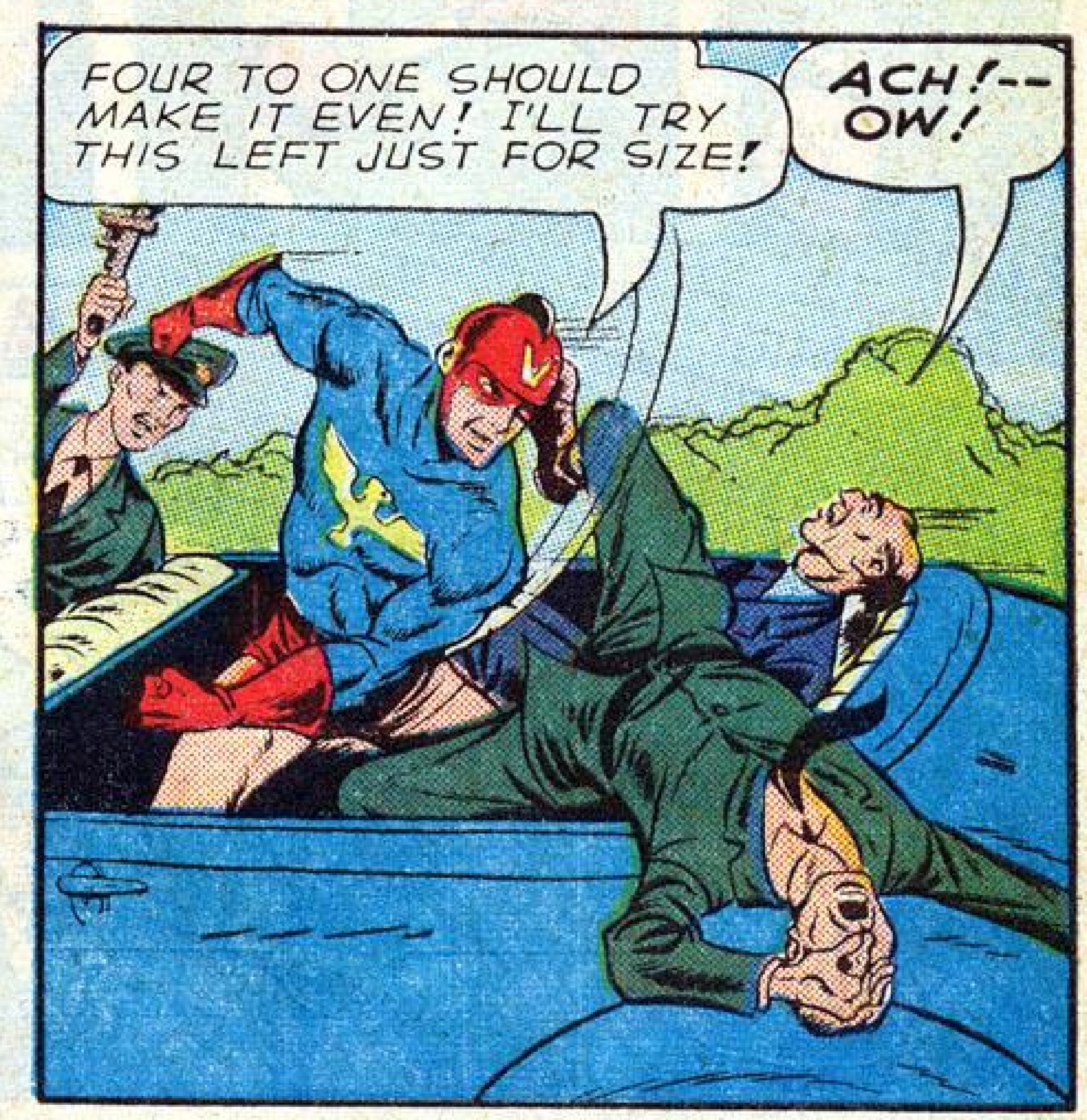

SO THAT'S THE LATRINOGRAMS WE'VE BEEN HEARING FOR THE LAST FEW WEEKS!
WHAT I'D GIVE FOR ONE OF THOSE JOBS AND A DOZEN JERRIES FOR TARGET PRACTICE!
YANK
YANK
NEW ROCKET SHIP ALMOST READY FOR COMBAT MASS PRODUCTION TO START.....
AT THE DESK OF THE CITY EDITOR......
THEY'RE GOING TO SHOW THE FINAL ROCKET PLANS TO THE ALLIED TECHNICAL COUNCIL! YOU COVER THE STORY, JEFF!
CHECK-AVERDEEN TESTING GROUNDS, HERE I COME! MAYBE I CAN GET A PEEK AT THE SHIP!
LATER... JEFF STARTS FOR THE AVERDEEN TESTING GROUNDS...!
QUITE A HIKE TO THE FIELD, BUT IT'S SO PEACEFUL IN THE COUNTRY----!
BUT ALL IS NOT PEACEFUL IN THE COUNTRY........
HURRY, SCHWEIN--VE HAF NO TIME TO VASTE!
JA WHOL, MINE HERR--SOON YOU VILL BE MILITARY TECHNICIAN, HA-HA!
FREE FRENCH
HEY! THAT'S A FUNNY WAY FOR COPS TO BE ACTING!

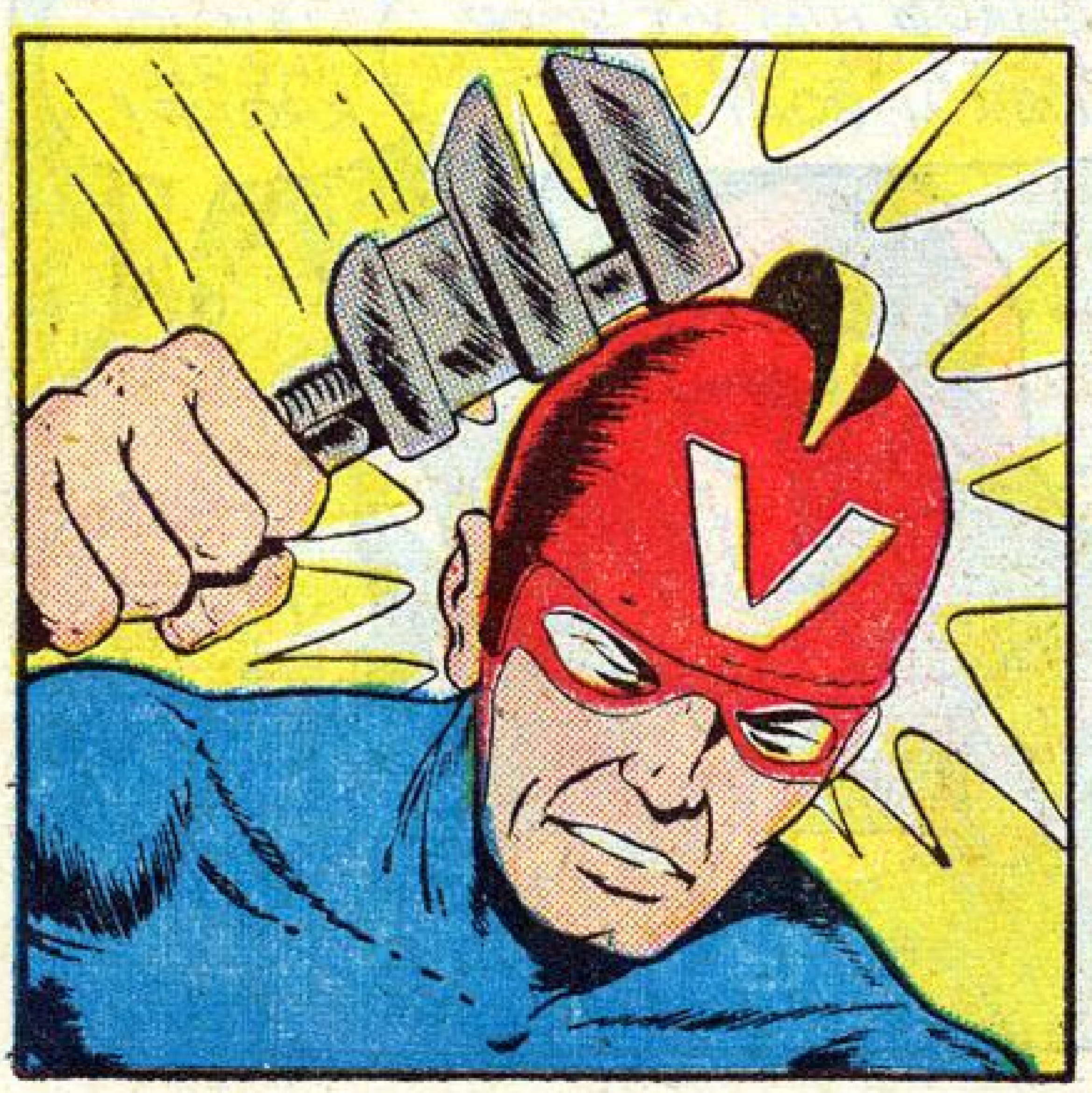

SWIFTLY JEFF RUSHES INTO THE SCRAP!
A LITTLE DIRT IN YOUR FACES MAY IMPROVE YOUR ACCENTS!
MEDDLING AMERICAN SCHWEIN!
HOURS LATER!
WHAT A HEAD! IF IT WASN'T SO HOT, I'D THINK THIS WAS NEW YEAR'S DAY!
I AM PIERRE DIJOV, FRENCH MILITARY TECHNICIAN! THOSE MEN MUST BE STOPPED! THEY HAVE STOLEN MY CREDENTIALS TO ATTEND THE ALLIED COUNCIL MEETING!
THEIR LEADER IS VON KROPF, THE MASTER MEMORY SCIENTIST OF GERMANY!
I'LL HAVE YOUR BONDS LOOSE IN A MINUTE AND THEN WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO TO STOP THEM!
THIS IS A JOB FOR THE PATRIOT!
I'LL CUT ACROSS THE FIELD! YOU KEEP RIGHT ON THE ROAD!
IF HE SEES THE ROCKET PLANS, HE WILL REMEMBER EVERY DETAIL!
THIS WILL BE NICE WORK IF I CAN GET THERE!
THE ALLIED TECHNICAL COUNCIL HAS ALREADY MET........
THEY ARE LEAVING! THAT HELIOCOPTER IS MY ONLY CHANCE TO HEAD THEM OFF!
AVERDEPN
3

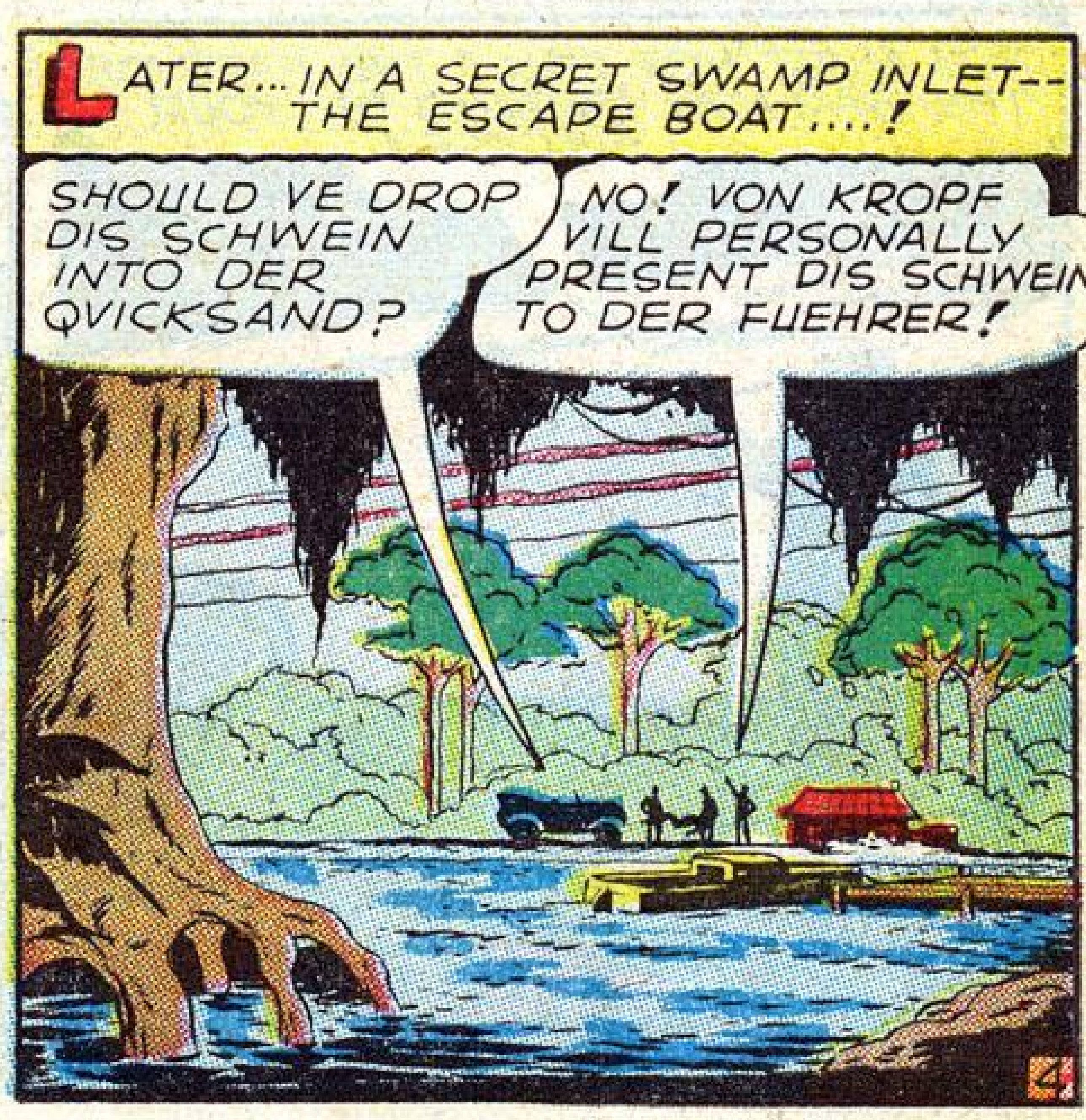

QUICKLY THE PATRIOT COMMANDEERS THE NEARBY HELIOCOPTER.......
LOOKS LIKE THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE WATERFRONT! KEEP THEM IN SIGHT!

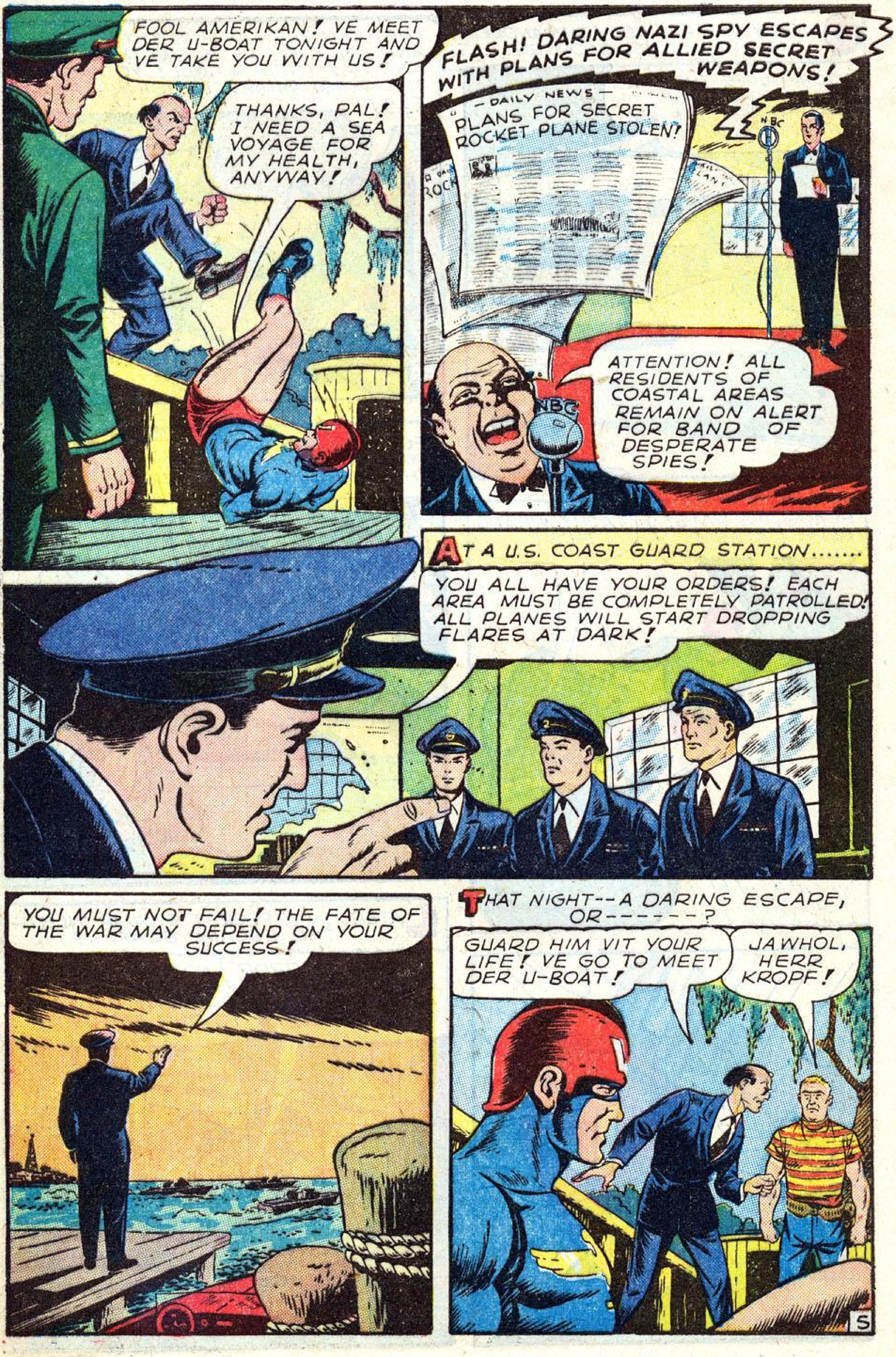

THEY CAN TURN OFF INTO THE WOODS AND LOSE US! LET'S DROP DOWN AND PAY THEM A CALL! YOU ASK THE COAST GUARD TO JOIN US FOR TEA!

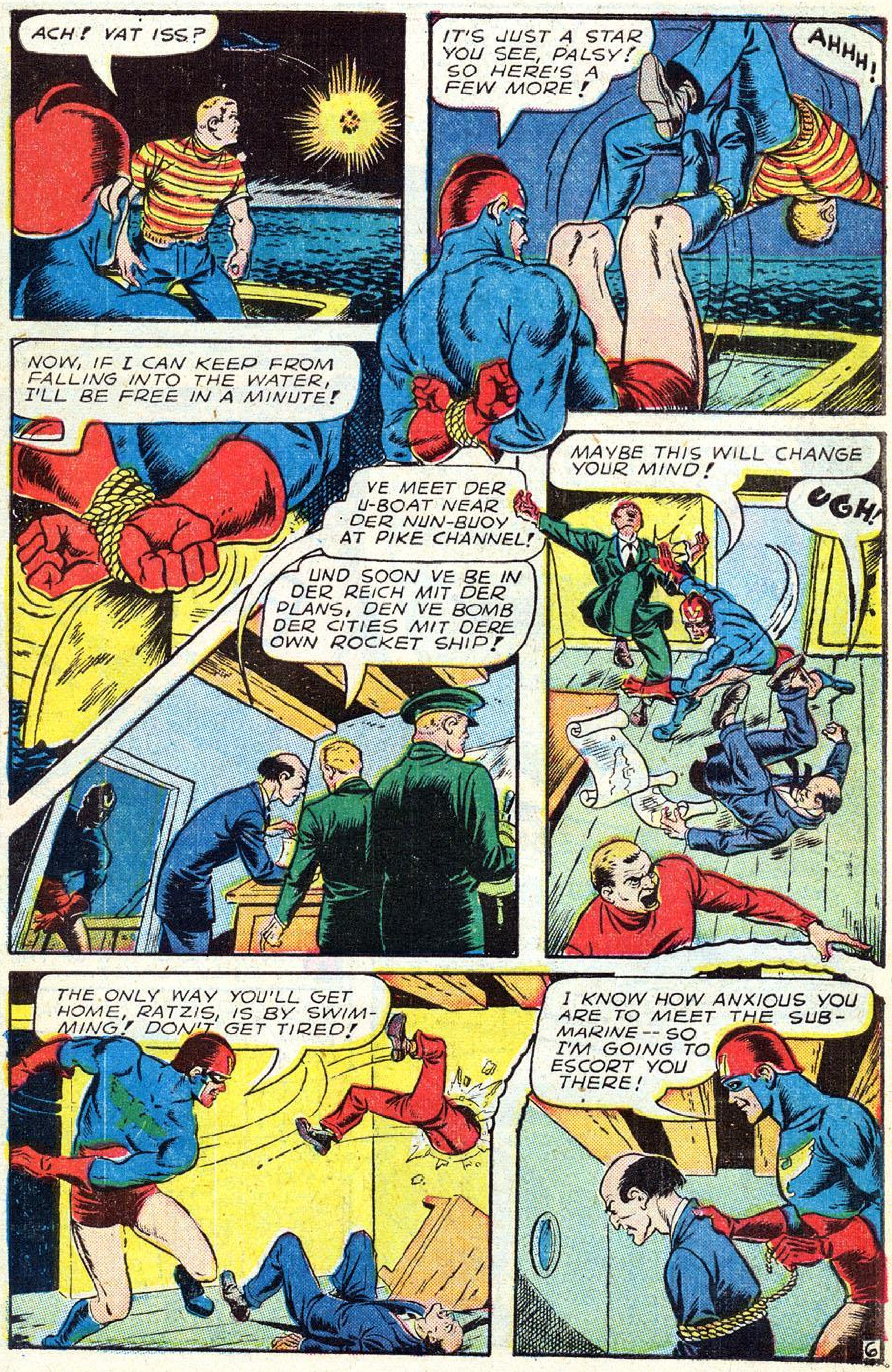

HEADS UP, RATS! HERE I COME!
ACH! WHAT'S THIS?

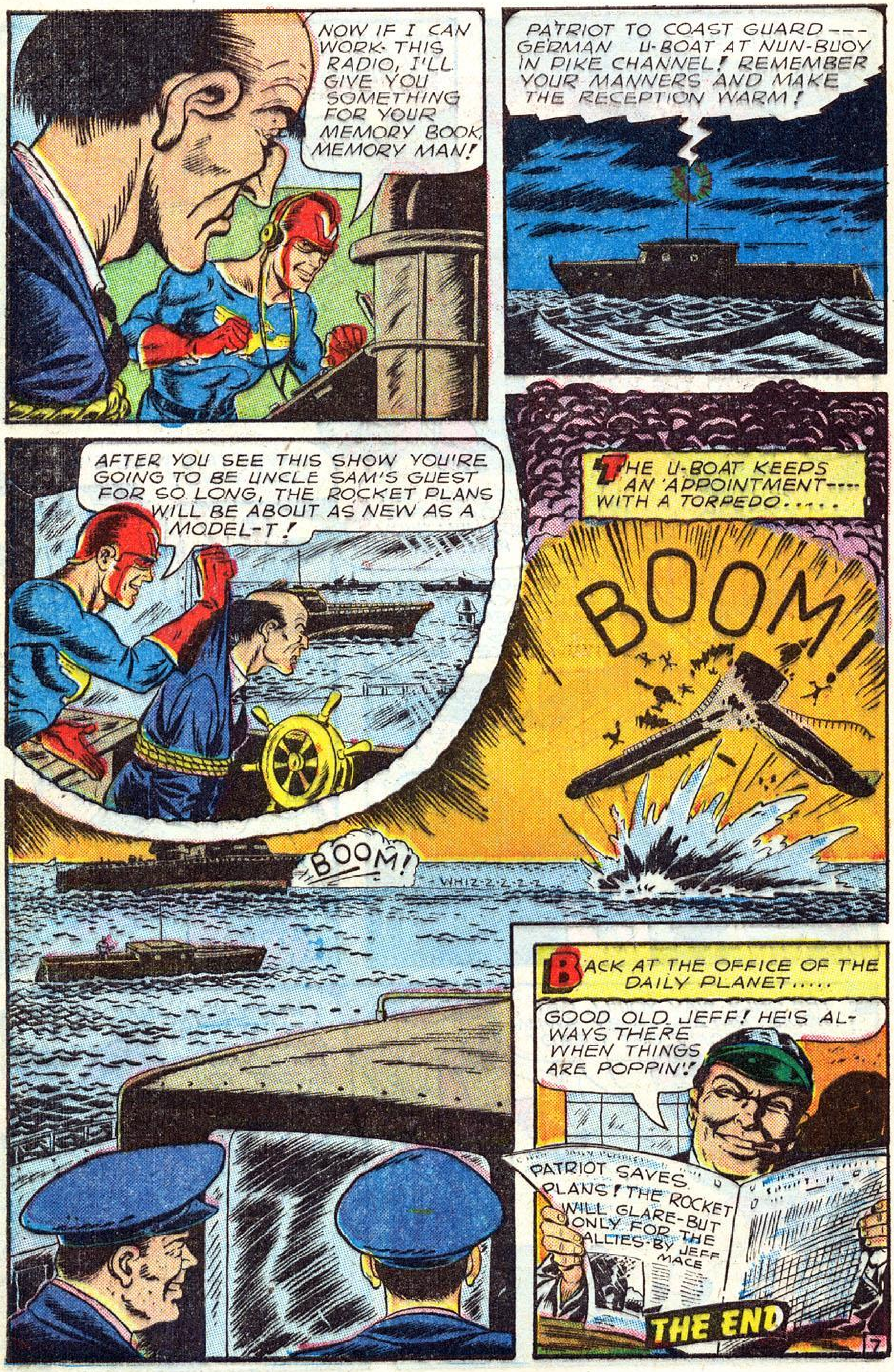

FOUR TO ONE SHOULD MAKE IT EVEN! I'LL TRY THIS LEFT JUST FOR SIZE!
ACH!--OW!

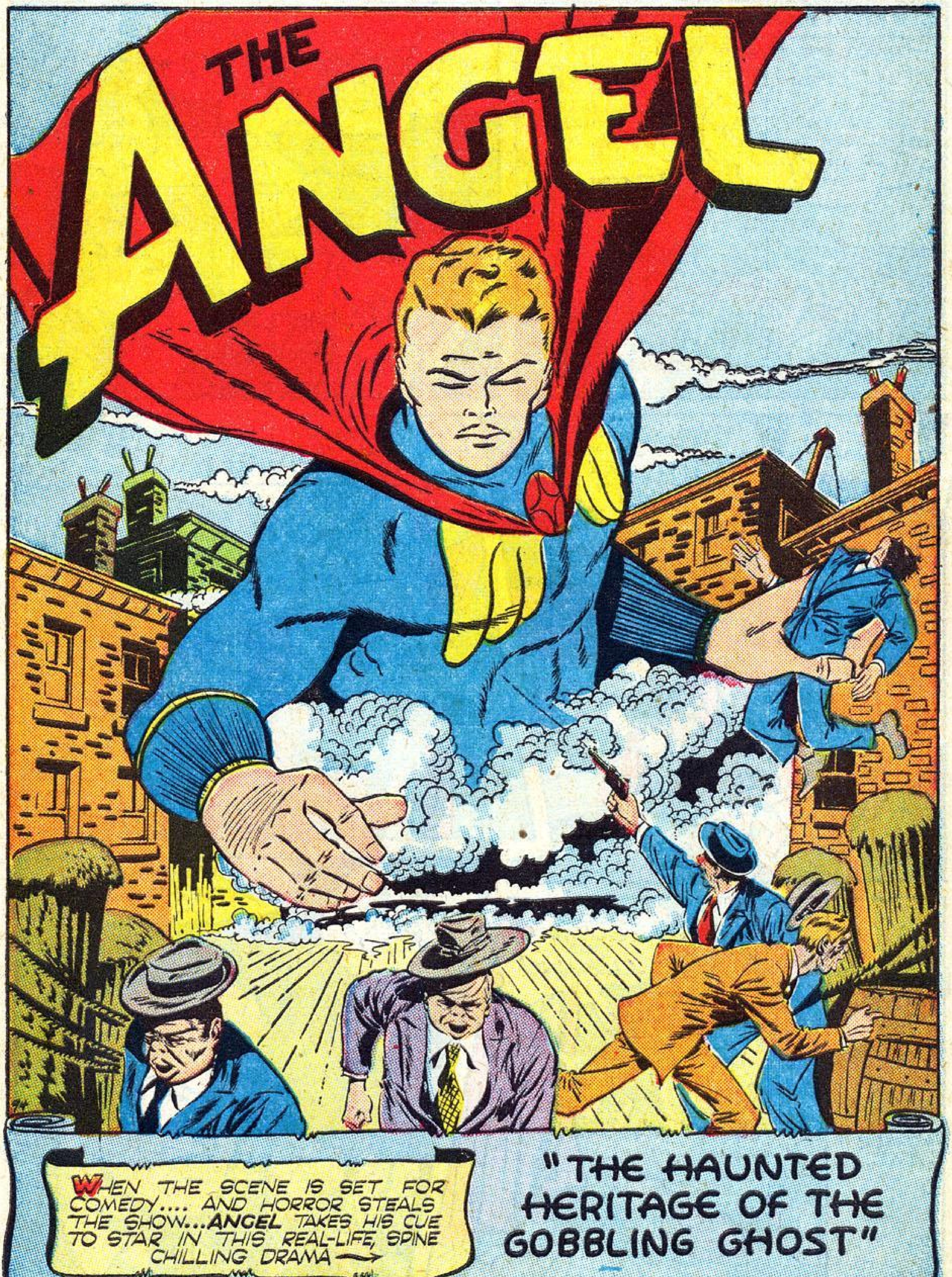


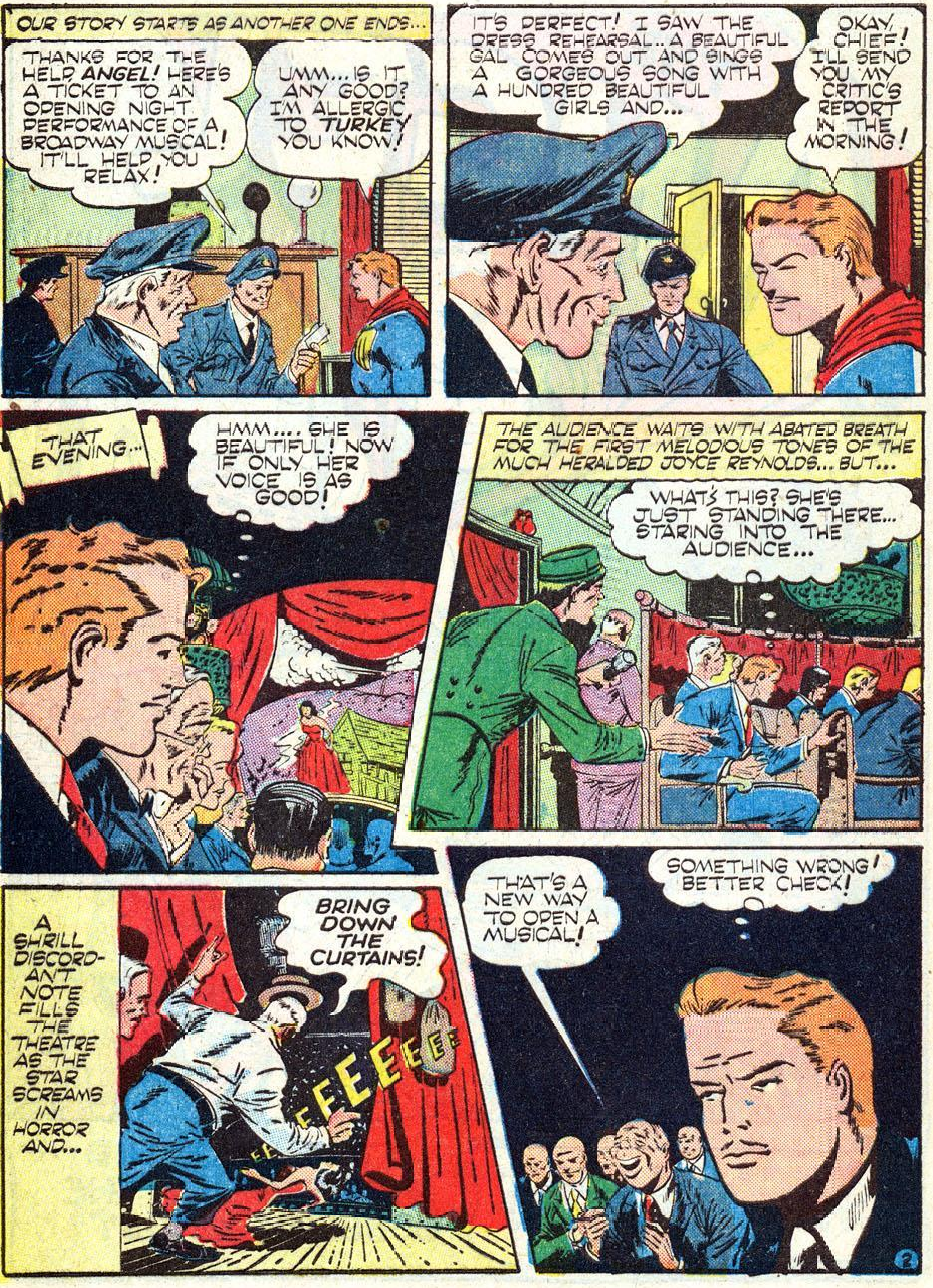

LATER... IN A SECRET SWAMP INLET--THE ESCAPE BOAT....!
SHOULD VE DROP DIS SCHWEIN INTO DER QVICKSAND?
NO! VON KROPF VILL PERSONALLY PRESENT DIS SCHWEIN TO DER FUEHRER!

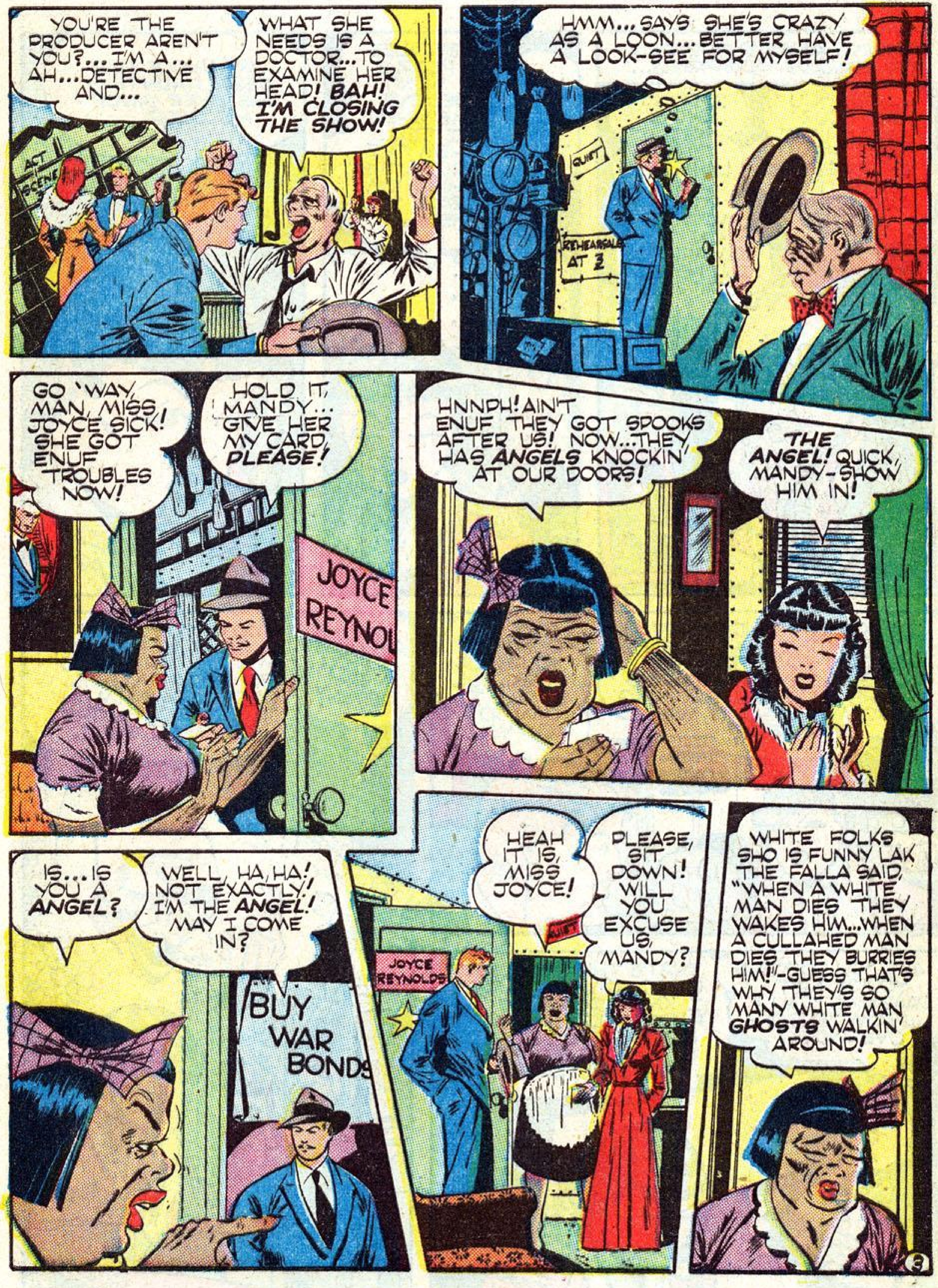

FOOL AMERIKAN! VE MEET DER U-BOAT TONIGHT AND VE TAKE YOU WITH US!
THANKS, PAL! I NEED A SEA VOYAGE FOR MY HEALTH, ANYWAY!
FLASH! DARING NAZI SPY ESCAPES WITH PLANS FOR ALLIED SECRET WEAPONS!
DAILY NEWS
PLANS FOR SECRET ROCKET PLANE STOLEN!
NBC
ATTENTION! ALL RESIDENTS OF COASTAL AREAS REMAIN ON ALERT FOR BAND OF DESPERATE SPIES!
AT A U.S. COAST GUARD STATION.......
YOU ALL HAVE YOUR ORDERS! EACH AREA MUST BE COMPLETELY PATROLLED! ALL PLANES WILL START DROPPING FLARES AT DARK!
YOU MUST NOT FAIL! THE FATE OF THE WAR MAY DEPEND ON YOUR SUCCESS!
THAT NIGHT--A DARING ESCAPE, OR------?
GUARD HIM VIT YOUR LIFE! VE GO TO MEET DER U-BOAT!
JAWHOL, HERR KROPF!

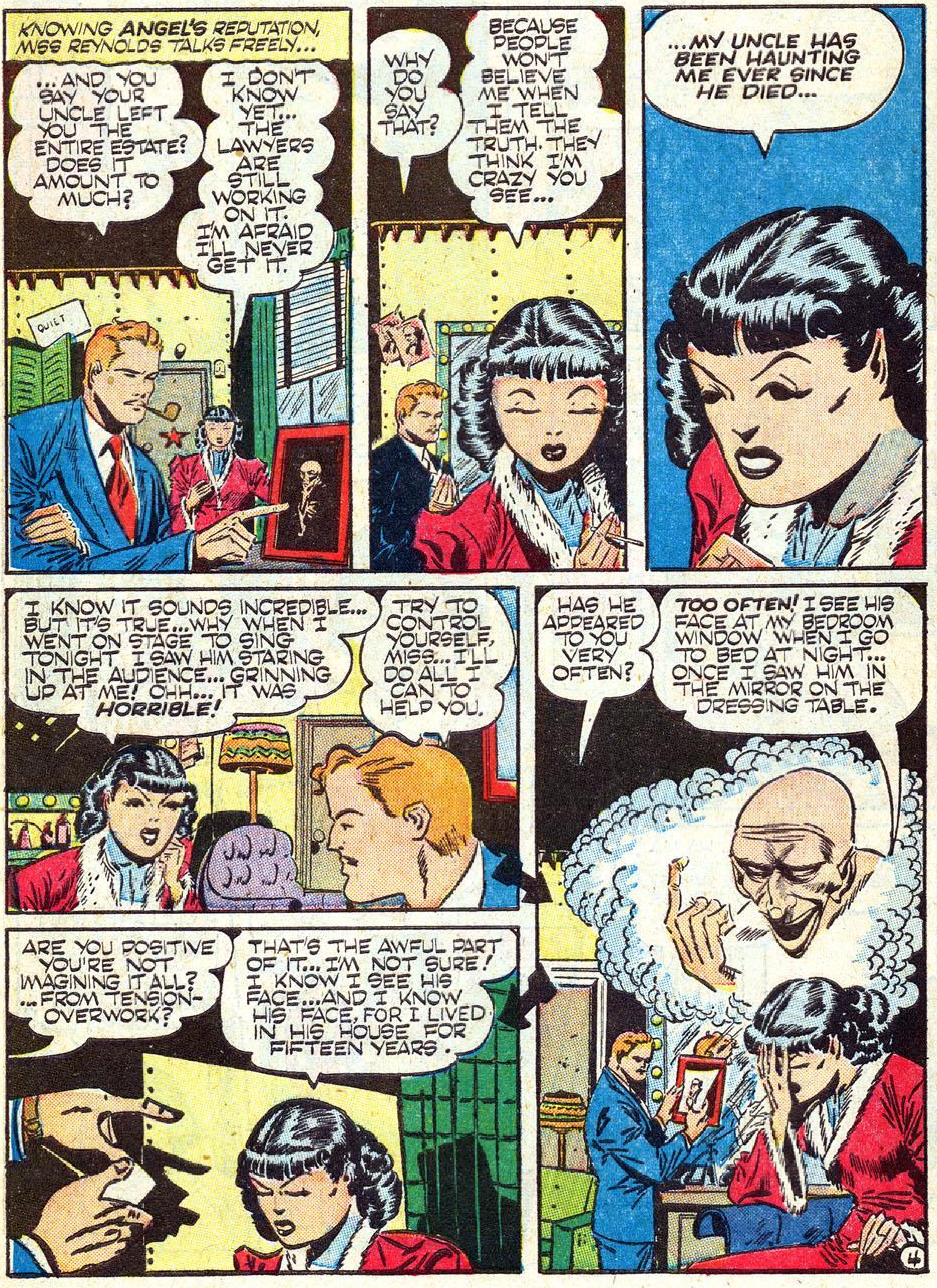

ACH! VAT ISS?
IT'S JUST A STAR YOU SEE, PALSY! SO HERE'S A FEW MORE!
AHHH!
NOW, IF I CAN KEEP FROM FALLING INTO THE WATER, I'LL BE FREE IN A MINUTE!
VE MEET DER U-BOAT NEAR DER NUN-BUOY AT PIKE CHANNEL!
UND SOON VE BE IN DER REICH MIT DER PLANS, DEN VE BOMB DER CITIES MIT DERE OWN ROCKET SHIP!
MAYBE THIS WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND!
UGH!
THE ONLY WAY YOU'LL GET HOME, RATZIS, IS BY SWIMMING! DON'T GET TIRED!
I KNOW HOW ANXIOUS YOU ARE TO MEET THE SUBMARINE--SO I'M GOING TO ESCORT YOU THERE!

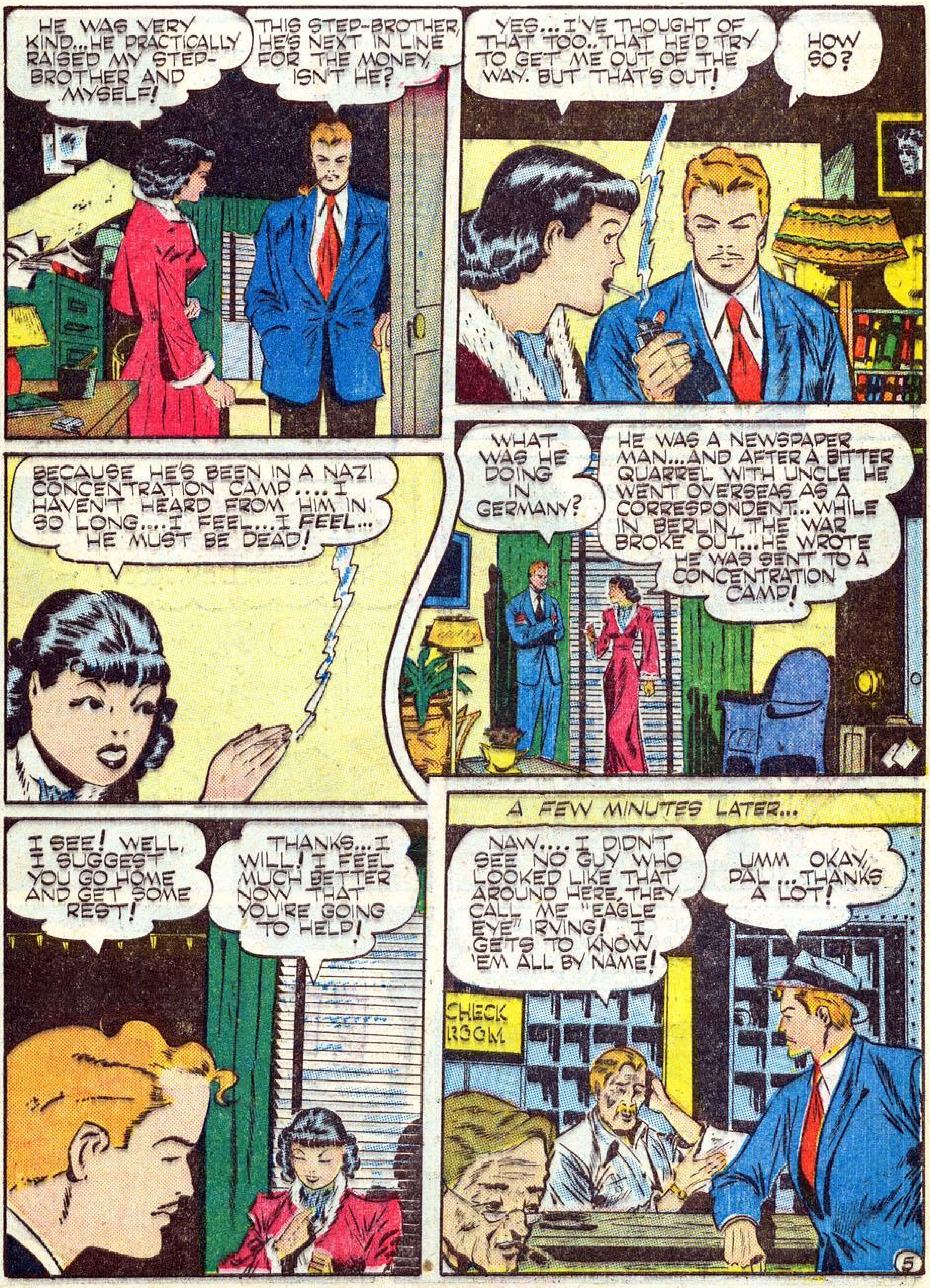

NOW IF I CAN WORK THIS RADIO, I'LL GIVE YOU SOMETHING FOR YOUR MEMORY BOOK, MEMORY MAN!
PATRIOT TO COAST GUARD--- GERMAN U-BOAT AT NUN-BUOY IN PIKE CHANNEL! REMEMBER YOUR MANNERS AND MAKE THE RECEPTION WARM!
AFTER YOU SEE THIS SHOW YOU'RE GOING TO BE UNCLE SAM'S GUEST FOR SO LONG, THE ROCKET PLANS WILL BE ABOUT AS NEW AS A MODEL-T!
THE U-BOAT KEEPS AN 'APPOINTMENT'---- WITH A TORPEDO.....
BOOM!
BOOM!
WHIZ-Z-Z-Z-Z
BACK AT THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET.....
GOOD OLD JEFF! HE'S ALWAYS THERE WHEN THINGS ARE POPPIN'!
PATRIOT SAVES PLANS! THE ROCKET WILL GLARE-BUT ONLY FOR THE ALLIES-BY JEFF MACE
THE END

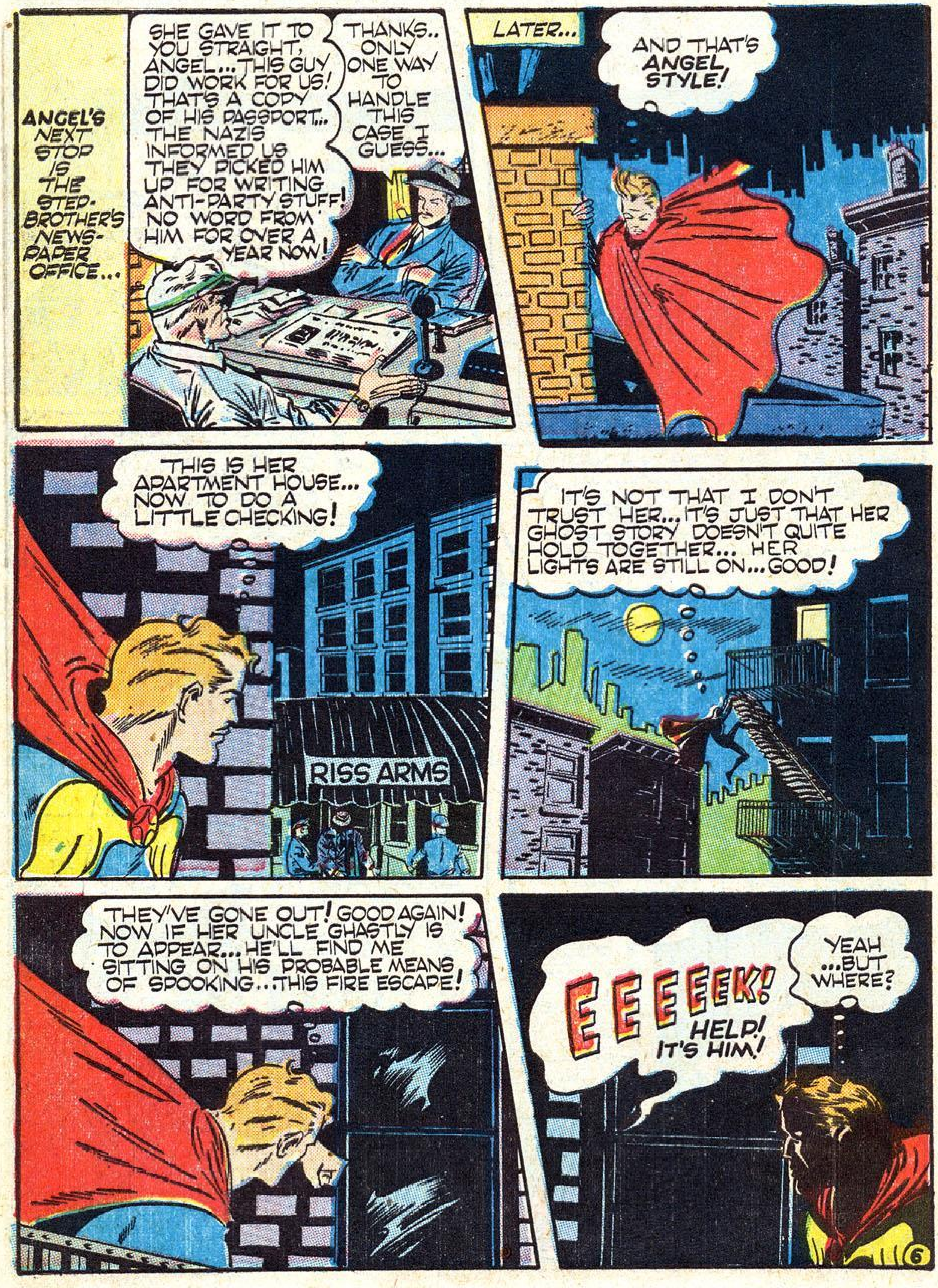

THE ANGEL
WHEN THE SCENE IS SET FOR COMEDY.... AND HORROR STEALS THE SHOW...ANGEL TAKES HIS CUE TO STAR IN THIS REAL-LIFE, SPINE CHILLING DRAMA →
"THE HAUNTED HERITAGE OF THE GOBBLING GHOST"

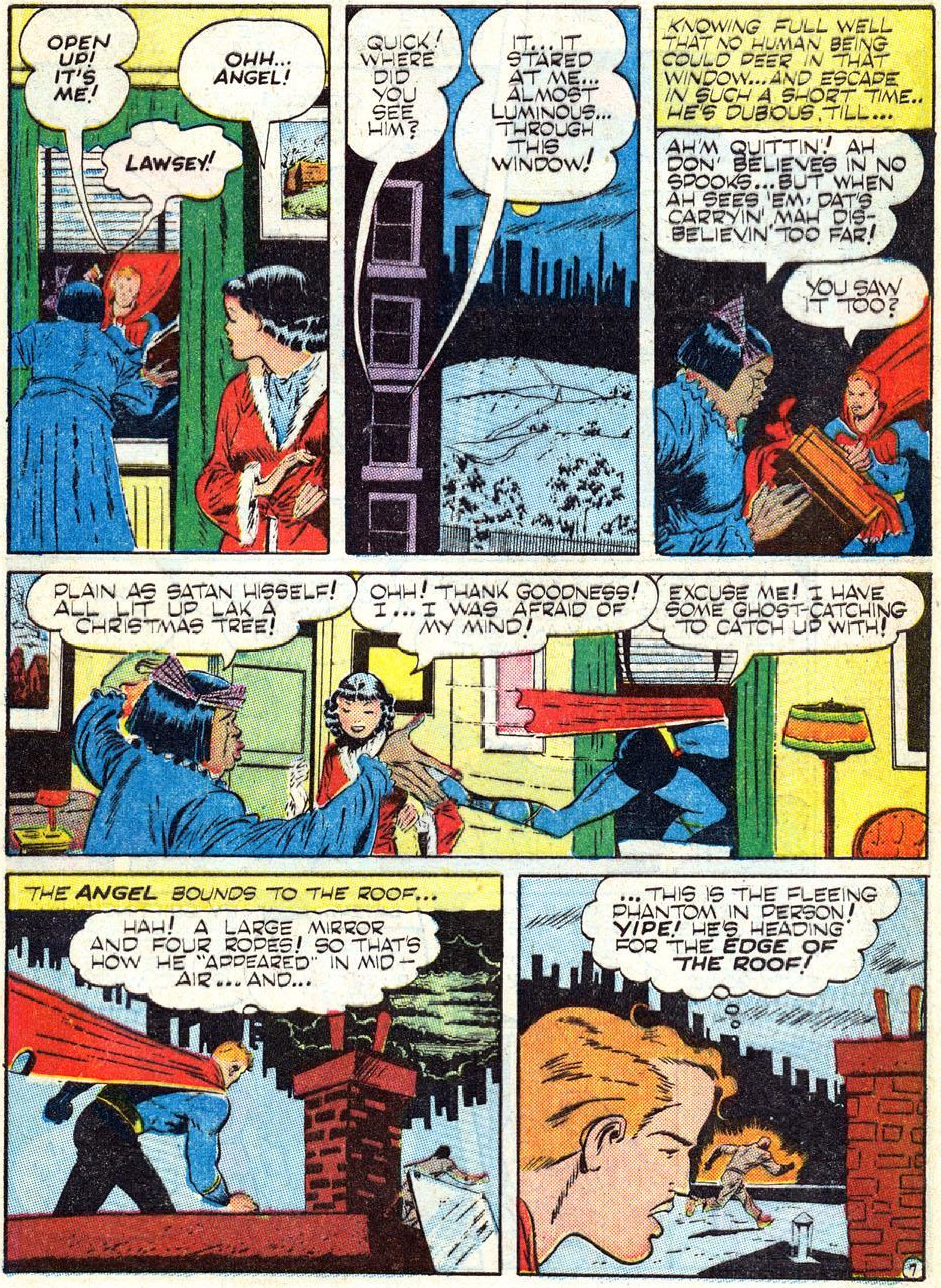

OUR STORY STARTS AS ANOTHER ONE ENDS...
THANKS FOR THE HELP, ANGEL! HERE'S A TICKET TO AN OPENING NIGHT PERFORMANCE OF A BROADWAY MUSICAL! IT'LL HELP YOU RELAX!
UMM... IS IT ANY GOOD? I'M ALLERGIC TO TURKEY YOU KNOW!
IT'S PERFECT! I SAW THE DRESS REHEARSAL.. A BEAUTIFUL GAL COMES OUT AND SINGS A GORGEOUS SONG WITH A HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS AND...
OKAY, CHIEF! I'LL SEND YOU MY CRITIC'S REPORT IN THE MORNING!
THAT EVENING...
HMM.... SHE IS BEAUTIFUL! NOW IF ONLY HER VOICE IS AS GOOD!
THE AUDIENCE WAITS WITH ABATED BREATH FOR THE FIRST MELODIOUS TONES OF THE MUCH HERALDED JOYCE REYNOLDS... BUT...
WHAT'S THIS? SHE'S JUST STANDING THERE... STARING INTO THE AUDIENCE...
A SHRILL DISCORDANT NOTE FILLS THE THEATRE AS THE STAR SCREAMS IN HORROR AND...
BRING DOWN THE CURTAINS!
EEEEEEEE
THAT'S A NEW WAY TO OPEN A MUSICAL!
SOMETHING WRONG! BETTER CHECK!

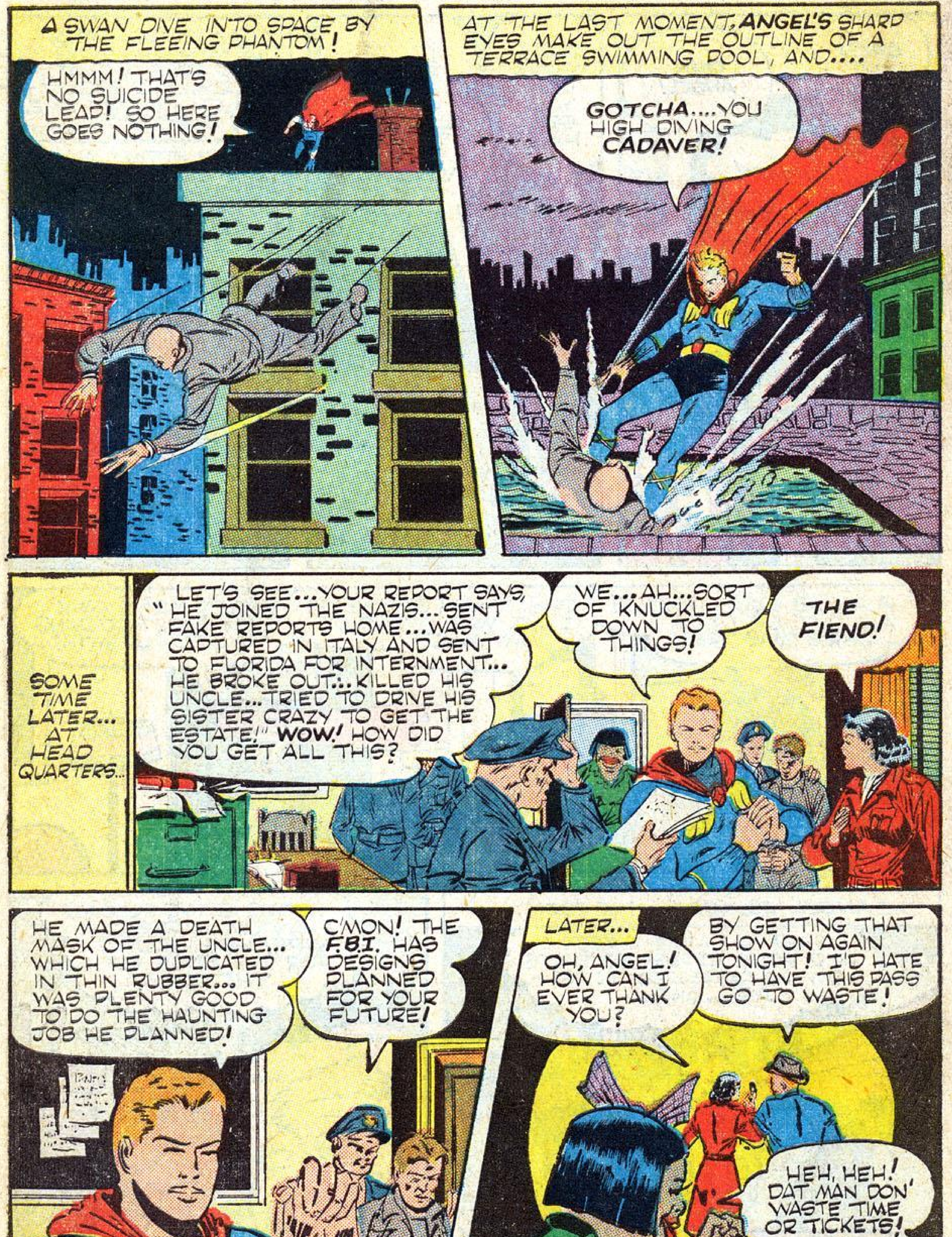

YOU'RE THE PRODUCER AREN'T YOU?... I'M A... AH... DETECTIVE AND...
WHAT SHE NEEDS IS A DOCTOR... TO EXAMINE HER HEAD! **BAH! I'M CLOSING THE SHOW!**
ACT I SCENE
HMM... SAYS SHE'S CRAZY AS A LOON... BETTER HAVE A LOOK-SEE FOR MYSELF!
QUIET
REHEARSAL AT 3
GO 'WAY, MAN, MISS JOYCE SICK! SHE GOT ENUF TROUBLES NOW!
HOLD IT, MANDY... GIVE HER MY CARD, **PLEASE!**
JOYCE REYNOL
HNNPH! AIN'T ENUF THEY GOT SPOOKS AFTER US! NOW... THEY HAS **ANGELS** KNOCKIN' AT OUR DOORS!
THE ANGEL! QUICK, MANDY-SHOW HIM IN!
IS... IS YOU A **ANGEL**?
WELL, HA, HA! NOT EXACTLY! I'M THE **ANGEL**! MAY I COME IN?
BUY WAR BONDS
HEAH IT IS, MISS JOYCE!
PLEASE, SIT DOWN! WILL YOU EXCUSE US, MANDY?
QUIET
JOYCE REYNOLDS
WHITE FOLKS SHO IS FUNNY LAK THE FALLA SAID, "WHEN A WHITE MAN DIES THEY WAKES HIM... WHEN A CULLAHED MAN DIES THEY BURRIES HIM!"-GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY'S SO MANY WHITE MAN **GHOSTS** WALKIN' AROUND!
3

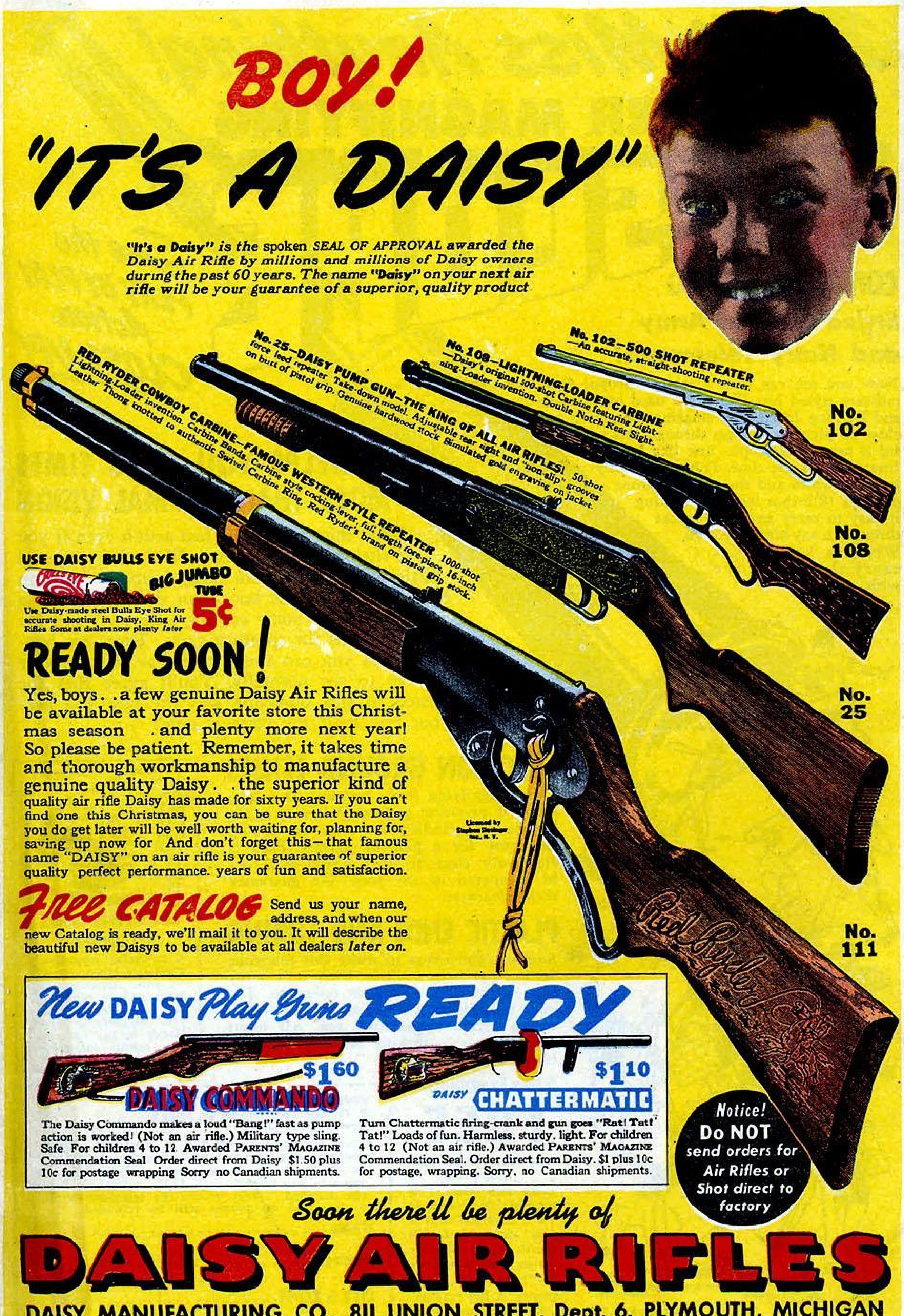

KNOWING **ANGEL'S** REPUTATION, MISS REYNOLDS TALKS FREELY...
...AND YOU SAY YOUR UNCLE LEFT YOU THE ENTIRE ESTATE? DOES IT AMOUNT TO MUCH?
I DON'T KNOW YET... THE LAWYERS ARE STILL WORKING ON IT. I'M AFRAID I'LL NEVER GET IT.
QUILT
WHY DO YOU SAY THAT?
BECAUSE PEOPLE WON'T BELIEVE ME WHEN I TELL THEM THE TRUTH. THEY THINK I'M CRAZY YOU SEE...
...MY UNCLE HAS BEEN HAUNTING ME EVER SINCE HE DIED...
I KNOW IT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE... BUT IT'S TRUE...WHY WHEN I WENT ON STAGE TO SING TONIGHT I SAW HIM STARING IN THE AUDIENCE... GRINNING UP AT ME! OHH... IT WAS **HORRIBLE!**
TRY TO CONTROL YOURSELF, MISS... I'LL DO ALL I CAN TO HELP YOU.
HAS HE APPEARED TO YOU VERY OFTEN?
TOO OFTEN! I SEE HIS FACE AT MY BEDROOM WINDOW WHEN I GO TO BED AT NIGHT... ONCE I SAW HIM IN THE MIRROR ON THE DRESSING TABLE.
ARE YOU POSITIVE YOU'RE NOT IMAGINING IT ALL? ...FROM TENSION-OVERWORK?
THAT'S THE AWFUL PART OF IT... I'M NOT SURE! I KNOW I SEE HIS FACE...AND I KNOW HIS FACE, FOR I LIVED IN HIS HOUSE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.
4


HE WAS VERY KIND...HE PRACTICALLY RAISED MY STEP-BROTHER AND MYSELF!
THIS STEP-BROTHER, HE'S NEXT IN LINE FOR THE MONEY, ISN'T HE?
YES... I'VE THOUGHT OF THAT TOO.. THAT HE'D TRY TO GET ME OUT OF THE WAY. BUT THAT'S OUT!
HOW SO?
BECAUSE HE'S BEEN IN A NAZI CONCENTRATION CAMP.... I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN SO LONG.... I FEEL... I FEEL... HE MUST BE DEAD!
WHAT WAS HE DOING IN GERMANY?
HE WAS A NEWSPAPER MAN...AND AFTER A BITTER QUARREL WITH UNCLE HE WENT OVERSEAS AS A CORRESPONDENT...WHILE IN BERLIN, THE WAR BROKE OUT...HE WROTE HE WAS SENT TO A CONCENTRATION CAMP!
I SEE! WELL, I SUGGEST YOU GO HOME AND GET SOME REST!
THANKS...I WILL! I FEEL MUCH BETTER NOW THAT YOU'RE GOING TO HELP!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
NAW.... I DIDN'T SEE NO GUY WHO LOOKED LIKE THAT AROUND HERE. THEY CALL ME "EAGLE EYE" IRVING! I GETS TO KNOW 'EM ALL BY NAME!
UMM OKAY, PAL ... THANKS A LOT!
CHECK ROOM


ANGEL'S NEXT STOP IS THE STEP-BROTHER'S NEWSPAPER OFFICE...
SHE GAVE IT TO YOU STRAIGHT, ANGEL...THIS GUY DID WORK FOR US! THAT'S A COPY OF HIS PASSPORT... THE NAZIS INFORMED US THEY PICKED HIM UP FOR WRITING ANTI-PARTY STUFF! NO WORD FROM HIM FOR OVER A YEAR NOW!
THANKS.. ONLY ONE WAY TO HANDLE THIS CASE I GUESS...
LATER...
AND THAT'S ANGEL STYLE!
THIS IS HER APARTMENT HOUSE... NOW TO DO A LITTLE CHECKING!
RISS ARMS
IT'S NOT THAT I DON'T TRUST HER...IT'S JUST THAT HER GHOST STORY DOESN'T QUITE HOLD TOGETHER... HER LIGHTS ARE STILL ON...GOOD!
THEY'VE GONE OUT! GOOD AGAIN! NOW IF HER UNCLE GHASTLY IS TO APPEAR...HE'LL FIND ME SITTING ON HIS PROBABLE MEANS OF SPOOKING...THIS FIRE ESCAPE!
EEEEEK! HELP! IT'S HIM!
YEAH ...BUT WHERE?


OPEN UP! IT'S ME!
OHH... ANGEL!
LAWSEY!
QUICK! WHERE DID YOU SEE HIM?
IT... IT STARED AT ME... ALMOST LUMINOUS... THROUGH THIS WINDOW!
KNOWING FULL WELL THAT NO HUMAN BEING COULD PEER IN THAT WINDOW... AND ESCAPE IN SUCH A SHORT TIME.. HE'S DUBIOUS, TILL...
AH'M QUITTIN'! AH DON' BELIEVES IN NO SPOOKS... BUT WHEN AH SEES 'EM, DAT'S CARRYIN' MAH DIS-BELIEVIN' TOO FAR!
YOU SAW IT TOO?
PLAIN AS SATAN HISSELF! ALL LIT UP LAK A CHRISTMAS TREE!
OHH! THANK GOODNESS! I... I WAS AFRAID OF MY MIND!
EXCUSE ME! I HAVE SOME GHOST-CATCHING TO CATCH UP WITH!
THE **ANGEL** BOUNDS TO THE ROOF...
HAH! A LARGE MIRROR AND FOUR ROPES! SO THAT'S HOW HE "APPEARED" IN MID-AIR... AND...
... THIS IS THE FLEEING PHANTOM IN PERSON! **YIPE!** HE'S HEADING FOR THE **EDGE OF THE ROOF!**


A SWAN DIVE INTO SPACE BY THE FLEEING PHANTOM!
HMMM! THAT'S NO SUICIDE LEAD! SO HERE GOES NOTHING!
AT THE LAST MOMENT, ANGEL'S SHARD EYES MAKE OUT THE OUTLINE OF A TERRACE SWIMMING POOL, AND....
GOTCHA....YOU HIGH DIVING CADAVER!
SOME TIME LATER... AT HEAD QUARTERS...
LET'S SEE...YOUR REPORT SAYS, "HE JOINED THE NAZIS... SENT FAKE REPORTS HOME...WAS CAPTURED IN ITALY AND SENT TO FLORIDA FOR INTERNMENT... HE BROKE OUT... KILLED HIS UNCLE...TRIED TO DRIVE HIS SISTER CRAZY TO GET THE ESTATE!" WOW! HOW DID YOU GET ALL THIS?
WE...AH...SORT OF KNUCKLED DOWN TO THINGS!
THE FIEND!
HE MADE A DEATH MASK OF THE UNCLE... WHICH HE DUPLICATED IN THIN RUBBER... IT WAS PLENTY GOOD TO DO THE HAUNTING JOB HE PLANNED!
C'MON! THE F.B.I. HAS DESIGNS PLANNED FOR YOUR FUTURE!
LATER...
OH, ANGEL! HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU?
BY GETTING THAT SHOW ON AGAIN TONIGHT! I'D HATE TO HAVE THIS PASS GO TO WASTE!
HEH, HEH! DAT MAN DON' WASTE TIME OR TICKETS!
THE END



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